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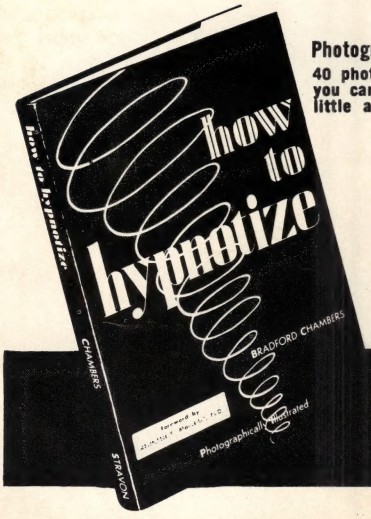

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GAGS FOR STAGS

Did you ever make up an original stag gag? If so, send it to the editor of TRUE ADVENTURES, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You will get a free year's subscription if we use it. Sorry, but we can't return unused material.

A lovely young girl was walking down a dusty road one sultry summer day, when she spied a cool lake nearby and decided to take a dip in the altogether. Not a soul was in sight as she disrobed and plunged into the inviting water. After a fine swim, she was ready to come out when she saw an Army officer headed right for her pond. She made a quick dive for her clothes, and broke all speed records getting into them. She had just buttoned the last button when the officer reached her.

Paying her no heed whatever, he walked over to the edge of the lake, barked out "Camouflage battalion, attention! Forward march!" Then, much to the girl's blushing surprise, every tree around the lake marched off!

"Wedding anniversary or not, Mabel, you're being a bit ridiculous."

A well-meaning old maid invited a group of soldiers from a nearby base over to cocktails one evening. The soldiers were saddened to find that, instead of booze, the lady had prepared tea and cookies for her guests.

After manfully downing as many of the cookies as they could, there was still one left on the platter. "Well," piped the old maid merrily, "what shall we do with this one last cookie?"

The lieutenant's voice broke the embarrassing silence. "Any man who answers that," he said, "gets 30 days in the brig!"

* * *

A famous actor was stopped at the stage door by a down-and-outer who put the bite on him for two bucks. "I'll pay you back as soon as I can, I swear," said the bum as he left.

The actor forgot all about the touch until one day he received a letter from the borrower. "I've struck it rich!" the man wrote. "I've got a great job and I'm marrying a rich girl."

At the bottom of the letter was a postscript. "Enclosed please find a dollar. I'll send you the other as soon as I can spare it."

* * *

A Boston dowager, on a visit to Cleveland, was shocked when she saw a girl putting on her gloves in the street.

"In Boston," she sneered, "men would as soon see a girl put on her girdle in public as her gloves!"

"In Cleveland," the girl retorted, "they'd rather!"

* * *

The office lovely was telling her girl friend about the night before.

"And after dinner," she said, "he took me up to his apartment and showed me ten mink coats. And you know what? He **gave** me one!"

"What did you have to do for it?" a girl friend asked.

"Oh," answered the beauty, "just shorten the sleeves a little."

* * *

A bouncer in a Broadway saloon threw a drunk out four times in a row. Each time, the character kept staggering back inside.

A customer watched the performance intently. Finally he said to the bouncer, "No wonder he keeps coming back in. You're putting too much spin on him!"

"I wonder what's keeping that elevator."

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 00302D 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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Forestry, Tropical: *Tropical forests and products*—WILLIAM R. BARBOUR, c/o U. S. Forest Service, Glenn Blvd., Atlanta, Ga.

Herpetology—*Reptiles, Poisonous-Non-Poisonous Snakes*—Charles "Tex" Hollon, 3622 Lamont St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND POLICE

Confederate Army—*History, campaigns, equipment, uniforms, etc.*—MILTON F. PERRY, c/o *True Adventures.*

Federal Investigation Activities—*Secret Service, immigration, customs, border patrol, etc.* —FRANCIS H. BENT, c/o *True Adventures.*

United States Army—History, Campaigns, Equipment, Uniforms, Etc.—MILTON F. PERRY, c/o *True Adventures.*

Marine Corps—LELAND E. PERSON, Capt., U.S.M.C.R., c/o *True Adventures.*

Military Aviation—S. P. JOHNSON, c/o *True Adventures.*

Military Weapons, Especially Machine and Automatic Guns—ROGER MARSH, c/o *True Adventures.*

***Royal Canadian Mounted Police**—H. S. M. KEMP, 2103 2 Ave., West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

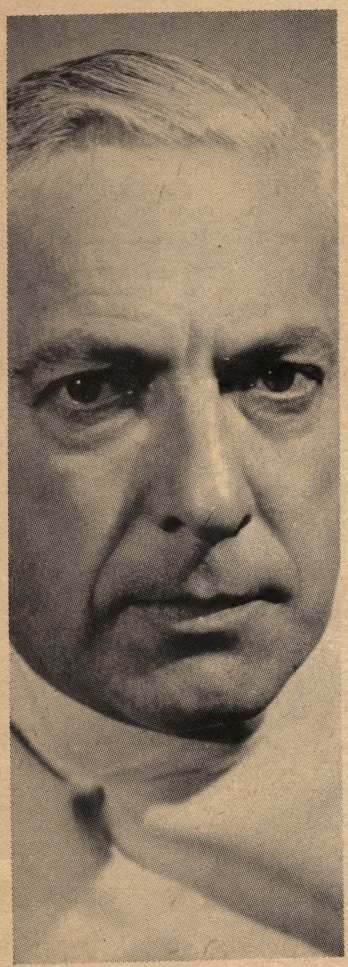
Veterans' Affairs—FRANCIS H. BENT, c/o *True Adventures.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

***Alaska**—PHILIP GODSELL, 1730 14th Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

***Australia**—ALAN FOLEY, 243 Elizabeth St., Sydney, Australia.

Let's take the bunk out of BALDNESS!



First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do *not* follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head — the back of the head, the side of the head — places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called *alopecia areata*, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that *you do not* have alopecia areata.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind that you are going to stay that way. Or if you are losing your hair from male pattern baldness, which is the predominant cause of hair loss, there is nothing you can do to stop the march of baldness. So, quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But you may be losing your hair to a scalp disease called *seborrhea*. The symptoms of scalp seborrhea are easily recognizable— itchy scalp, hair loss, very dry or oily scalp, head scales and dandruff. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness but doctors know that men and women who have it usually lose their hair.

Today there is something you can do to control this hair-destroying disease. The development of the amazing new scalp medicine called Alophene may mean that thousands of men and women can now *increase the life expectancy of their hair*. Alophene has two special formulas, which work together to control scalp seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes.

Note to Doctors

Doctors and hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for professional literature and samples of the new Alophene Formula Series.

HOW ALOPHENE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretion of your sebaceous glands, to control excessive dryness or oiliness. (2) By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. (3) By its antiseptic action, it kills on *contact* hair-destroying bacteria. (4) By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum and and ugly dandruff, tends to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft.

A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, vital, and alive. Head scales and dandruff disappear. Scalp itch stops. Hair loss due to seborrhea stops. Alophene, in short, is an amazingly effective treatment.

Today there is no excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of scalp seborrhea. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in combating seborrhea and stopping the hair loss it causes.

ALOPHENE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alophene in your own home. In only a few days your hair must look healthier, more attractive, and alive. Your dandruff must be gone. Your irritating scalp itch must stop. Your hair loss due to seborrhea must stop. If your hair loss is of the predominant male pattern type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, you lose nothing. We will send you a full and immediate refund.

You must be delighted with the results. You must be completely satisfied with the rapid improvement in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help *increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk.*

So don't delay. Nothing — not even Alophene can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below. Give yourself this chance to enjoy stronger, healthier hair again.

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BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Alophene hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

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Is there a Question on your mind?

JUST ASK AN EXPERT

QUESTION: *(From Mr. David R. Northey, Waterloo, Iowa).*

1. What is the U.S. Womens record for the 1 mile run? If none, do you know how fast a U. S. Woman had run this distance; best time? (outdoors).

2. What is the U. S. record for men in the 5-mile run under any auspices? (outdoors).

ANSWER: (From Jackson Scholz, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant).

1. I'm sorry I can find no record for a U. S. woman in the mile. So far as I can determine there are no official women's running records over 880 yards, the half mile. The world's record holder for this distance is N. Otkalenko of Russia. The record was established in 1956.

2. The men's American five-mile record for men (outdoors) was established by Richard Hart in 1956, 24m 23.9s. The five-mile indoor record is held by William Ritola, of Finland, 24m, 21.8 s.

QUESTION: *(From Andrew F. Bakes, Hammond, Ind.).*

Could you tell me who has won more baseball games—the Chicago Cubs or the New York-Frisco Giants.

ANSWER: (From Frederick Lieb, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant).

From the years of 1900 to 1960, inclusive, the records of the Giants and Cubs are as follows:

New York—San Francisco

Won	Lost	Per.
5095	4142	.552

Chicago—

4869	4396	.526

QUESTIONS: *(From David R. Northey, Waterloo, Iowa).*

1. In the Civil War did the Confederate Army, or for that fact the Union Army have 4-Star Generals? If so how many were there?

2. Concerning the U. S. Army, how many divisions were committed to the War in the Pacific during WW II?

3. And if possible; if you can tell me. What the highest rank reached by Adolf Eichmann in the German SS Corps during W.W. II.

Thought maybe you could tell me this?

ANSWER: (From Milton F. Perry, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant).

1. There were no full generals in the Union Army during the Civil War. Grant was a "Lieutenant General" and was not promoted to the rank of general until 1866. He was the first four-star General this country had.

2. For material relating to the deployment of U. S. Army divisions in World War Two you might consult the *Army Almanac* or your library. There are so many questions involved, such as what is considered a division; do you include the Marines, or those that were in one command and were transferred to another; or the division of the Philippine Army. You would do better by studying the material and drawing your own conclusions.

3. I have no more information on Eichmann than you do.

QUESTION: *(From Bill Sammons)*

1. Do you know of any treasures in W. Va. or Ky?

2. How much does a "treasure finder" cost?

3. Do you think it is possible for an amateur (age 20) to find any treasures or lost mines?

4. Do you think there ever was a "Lost Dutchman Mine?"

ANSWER: (From Thomas Schultheiss, TRUE ADVENTURES CONSULTANT)

1. Regarding treasures in Kentucky and W. Virginia, a few I could list would be the fortune reported hidden in the Breaks of the Sandy near Pineville, Ky., treasure near Winchester (coins have been found). I suggest you write to Foul Anchor Archives, Rye, N. Y. Enclose 10¢ for their latest treasure catalogue which lists books and maps.

2. Treasure locators vary in price and effectiveness.

3. We are all amateurs in the end. Just don't go out expecting to find anything, and you won't be disappointed.

4. I believe there probably was a Lost Dutchman, yes.

(*continued on page* 53)

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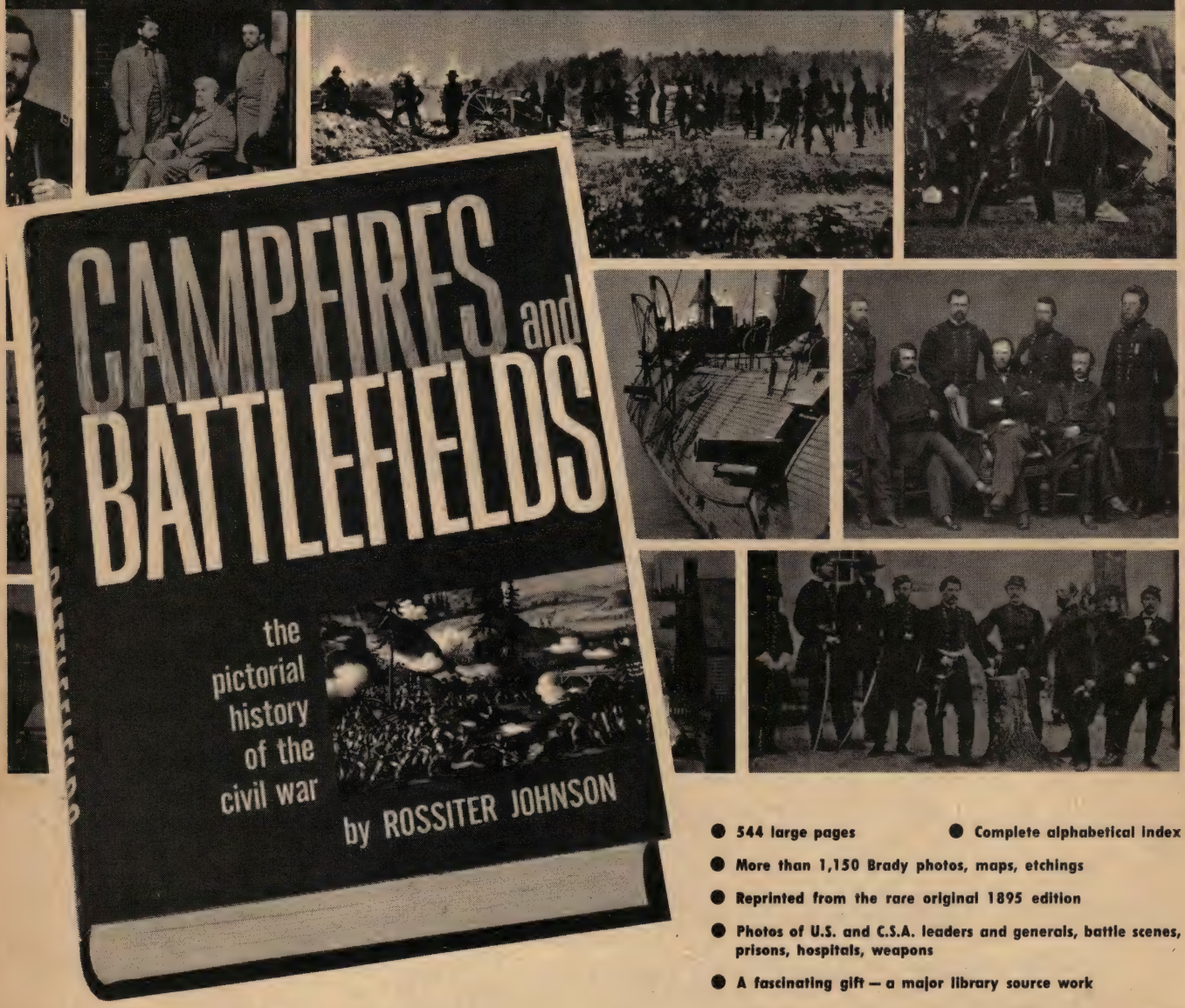

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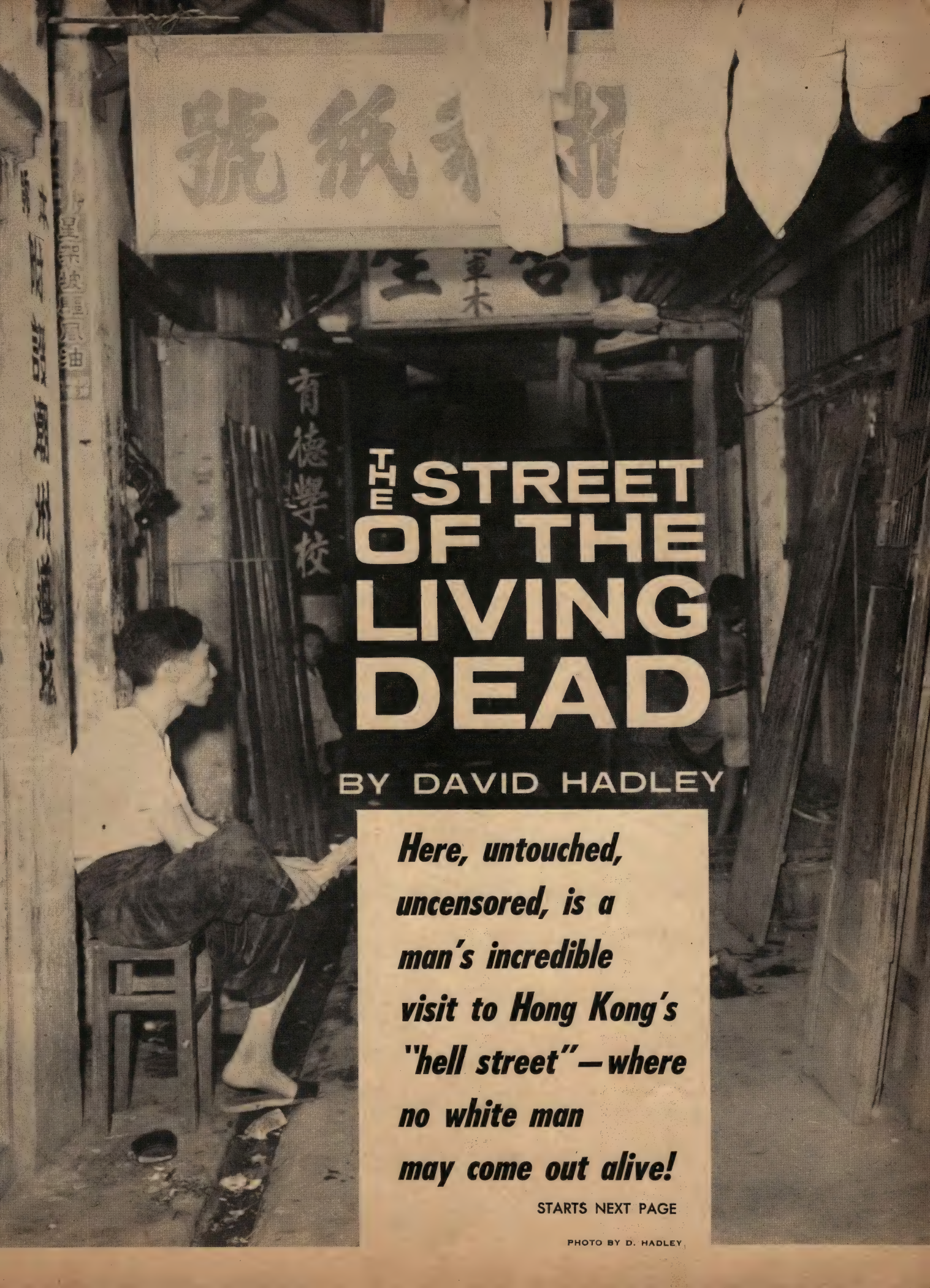


THE STREET OF THE LIVING DEAD

BY DAVID HADLEY

Here, untouched, uncensored, is a man's incredible visit to Hong Kong's "hell street"—where no white man may come out alive!

STARTS NEXT PAGE

PHOTO BY D. HADLEY

STREET OF THE LIVING DEAD

CONTINUED

D. HADLEY

View from the business section of Hong Kong Island, looking across the bay to Kowloon where Walled City is located.

■ I HAD been warned twice to keep out of the forbidden "Walled City" of Kowloon, across the bay from Hong Kong Island. First, by a discreet suggestion from the British Crown Colony Public Relations Office, and, second, by the Hong Kong Police Department.

An official of the Public Relations Office said tersely: "We'd prefer not to have any publicity on that dangerous six-and-a-half acres behind Old Kowloon City. No. copy in newspapers, magazines, or photographs."

A Hong Kong police inspector explained more fully why I should keep my inquisitive nose out of the dive area: "Our biggest worry is to keep curious sightseers away from the Walled City. If we see a European wandering down the stairway into this dangerous *casbah,* we'll scramble unofficially in there, escort him out, and with a sharp warning send him on his way. If his abnormal curiosity steers him in there again, we'll *drag* him out, and perhaps not gently. Then, if he's still deaf to reason and tries to slip in once more, we will, for his own protection, lock him up, and keep him locked up until he's convinced that messing around in that native quarter can spell death.

Crib prostitute — waiting for customers.

So now I had been told why I should not enter the Walled City! But these two warnings were the most compelling inducements to investigate this sinister section —which I did the day following my conversation with the police inspector.

I drove out in a taxi one afternoon to the quarter of squalid hovels and dives sprawling in a sump for about seven hundred feet along Carpenter Road behind Old Kowloon City. I sat in the cab, watching the steady stream of Chinese descending the stairway into this *casbah*.

The Hong Kong Police have (*Continued on page* 42)

HARVEY HUNT—BLACK STAR

U.P.I.

Addict inhales heroin fumes. This is called "Chasing the Dragon."

Makings of a bonfire—opium and heroin pipes seized in a single raid.

D. HADLEY

THE BOY "QUEEN" WHO RULED—& RUINED—ROME

For four incredible sin-blazoned years an effeminate boy tyrant ruled what once had been mighty Rome. At the end of it he was dead—and she was in her death throes!

BY JIM TUCK ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE MINNEY

Every sin, every depraved orgiastic entertainment, was scheduled nightly by the pleasure-crazed emperor.

■ HE WAS absolute ruler of the world's mightiest empire. He was also a teenage female impersonator, so far gone in his depravity that he ordered physicians to change him into a woman and was bitterly disappointed when told that such an operation was impossible.

His cruelty rivalled Caligula's and his orgies made Nero's look like 4-H Club outings. His vanity was so colossal that he performed marriage ceremonies for gods, yet his morals were so degenerate that he worked in bordellos as a *female* prostitute and bragged about his earnings.

He almost single-handedly destroyed the Roman Empire—and died at the age of eighteen.

Too fantastic for fiction? Undoubtedly. A novel based on such a personality would be laughed out of any publisher's office. But these (*Continued on page* 54)

Do you believe, like Adolph Hitler, that women are inferior, fit only for breeding? Do you think they should not vote? Do you think a woman has no immortal soul of her own? In short . . .

Are You A Woman Hater?

BY RAYMOND S. TRAFFARN

■ EVERY once in a while a man comes along whose hatred of women is so obvious that the whole world is aware of it. Sometimes such a man reveals his loathing for females by acts of physical aggression committed against them, ranging from simple beatings up to and including murder.

Fortunately, such men are few and far between, and their cases stand out in the annals of criminology, psychiatry, and sociology. By contrast, there are misogynists of lesser degree, who even believe they are fond of women—but in a patronizing way.

For instance, one of the greatest of all male poets summed up this attitude toward a wife with the observation that she deserved a place in a man's affection between his dog and his horse — a little less than the former, a little more than the latter." Another held that Man was made to serve God while Woman was made to serve God in Man.

In both concepts the urge to keep the female sex in a subordinate position—and by force if necesssary—is obvious.

Woman haters whose hostility is repressed or concealed are responsible for an immense amount of misery that they inflict not only on women but also on themselves. A common type is the man who pursues a woman until he is convinced she is deeply in love with him, then abandons her for another chase.

Casanova and Don Juan were men of this type; both wrecked the lives of many women.

The observation is frequently made by some divorce officials and attorneys that three-fourths of all divorces and separations have their origin in sexual hostility and incompatibility by wives toward husbands.

Our divorce rate now stands at one in four, which includes separations, annulments "cat-and-dog" marriages, and marriages in which (*Continued on page* 58)

Lily

HAREM HARRIS AND HIS 1001 NIGHTS OF LOVE

Con man? . . . Preacher? Despoiler of women? What really was this man they called Harem Harris, who brought evil men to holy ways—even while he made free with their wives?

BY ANSON HUNTER ILLUSTRATED BY NORM SAUNDERS ■ FOR a long minute the lean, hawkfaced man with the burning eyes did not deign to look up at his visitor, a local farmer who stood nervously on the deep-pile carpet, twisting his cap in his hands.

Then Thomas Lake Harris, cult leader and mystic, vintner and businessman, poet and philosopher, sighed and glanced up from the galley proofs of his newest book, a two-volume tome titled "The Marriage of Heaven and Earth."

"Well, Waters," he said sharply. "State your errand. I'm a busy man."

The farmer opened his mouth, then closed it again, overwhelmed by the richness of Harris' study, the book-crammed shelves, the brocaded chairs and sofas. In the 1860s the town of Brocton, on Lake Erie in western New York, was a poor community. Since entering Vine Cliff, Harris' thirty-room mansion on the Brocton town line, Edward Waters had been literally stunned by its magnificence and luxury.

"Waters," Harris snapped, "if your nerve in coming here has hobbled your tongue, I'll state your business for you. You have

(*Continued on page* 76)

Milly drew him to her, impatient for his lovemaking.

HYMN
301
1
5
5
8

BEAUTIFUL SINNER

Men were evil, she told herself. And love was the devil's handiwork. And then, one day, a handsome new man rode into town ...

BY ARTHUR ORRMONT ILLUSTRATED BY SANTO SORRENTINO

■ "HEY, Miss Anti-Marriage!" Derisive, drunken, the voice came out of the night. "You've fixed it so's we're lucky to get a good night kiss from our wives an' sweethearts, not to mention a cuddle! Come on out an' make it up to us. Least you can do is come out of the house and show us what we're missin'!"

A roar of coarse laughter went up from the drunken crowd, and another brick sailed through the front window of the Umphreville mansion, scattering glass over the carpet of the expensively furnished parlor.

Huddled behind the sideboard, Lucina Umphreville shuddered and lifted an anxious face to her father.

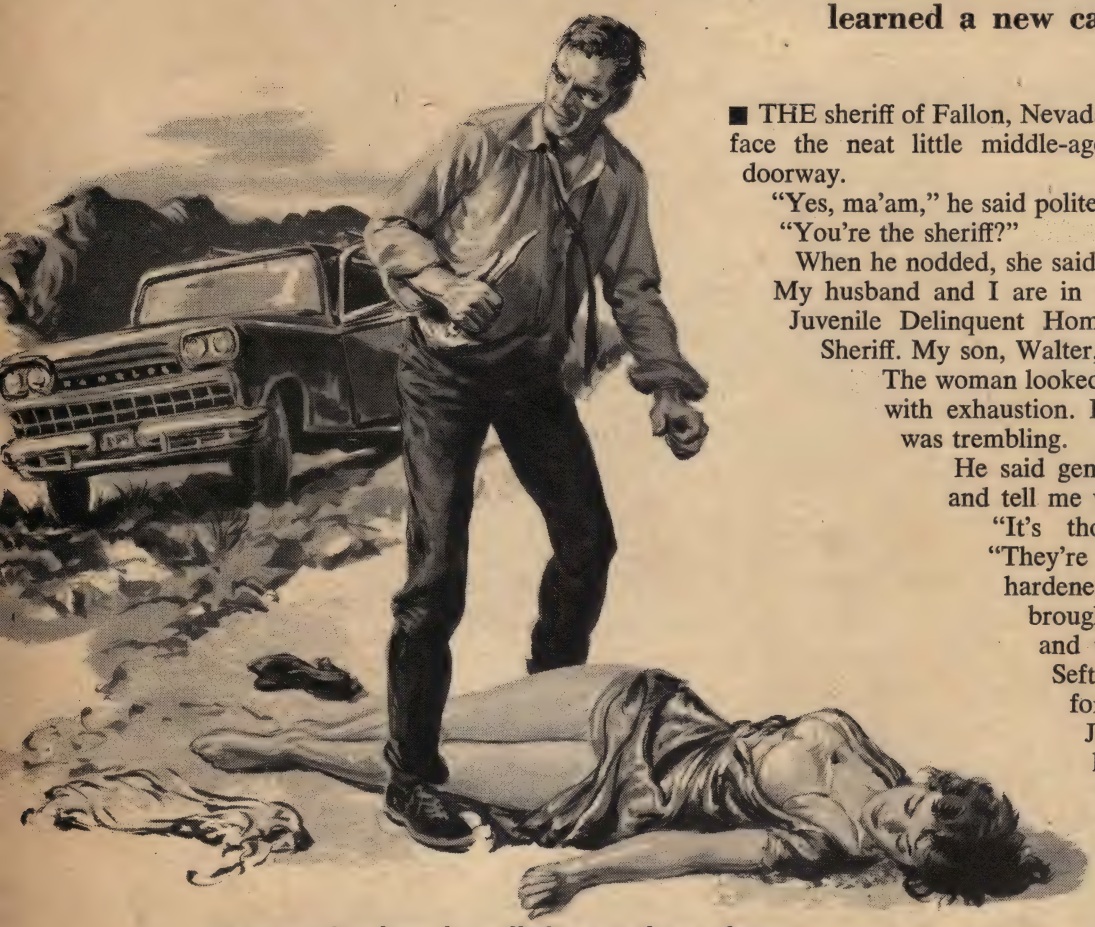
Umphreville's face was white, but he patted his daughter reassuringly. "They've made enough noise to rouse the whole of Madison County. Constable Withers should be here soon enough. Meanwhile we've just got to stand for it and hope they (*Continued on page* 72)

"We want our wives back—or there'll be hell to pay!"

THE SKID ROW QUEEN'S LAST NIGHT

BY JIM McCORD

She was tough and battered and a bottle of wine could buy her—until the night she met a little, smiling man, and learned a new caper called—Murder!



"I saw red—when she called me a cheap skate."

■ THE sheriff of Fallon, Nevada, looked up from his desk to face the neat little middle-aged woman standing in the doorway.

"Yes, ma'am," he said politely. "What can I do for you?"

"You're the sheriff?"

When he nodded, she said hurriedly, "I'm Mrs. Sefton. My husband and I are in charge of the Clark County Juvenile Delinquent Home. I — I need your help, Sheriff. My son, Walter, has been kidnaped."

The woman looked as if she were going to drop with exhaustion. Her face was white and she was trembling.

He said gently, "Sit down, Mrs. Sefton, and tell me what happened."

"It's those two girls," she said. "They're very tough. Just kids but hardened delinquents. They were brought to the Clark County Home and turned over to me and Mr. Sefton after they'd been arrested for prostitution in Las Vegas. Just kids they are, but they're hard, tough. I know they talked Walter into getting them out of the jail, and then they must have kidnapped him."

The sheriff said gently, "Begin at the beginning, Mrs. Sefton. What girls are you talking about, and what jail did your son let them out of? And when did all this take place?"

Piecing together the halting account the Fallon sheriff got this story: Mrs. Sefton and her husband were to have transported four young delinquents—two girls and two boys—from the Clark County Juvenile Home up to the State School of Industry at Elko, Nevada. This was routine work, since their charges were only temporary residents.

Once their cases were disposed of by the courts, they were released from the home or transported elsewhere to serve time for their offenses against the law.

It was the middle of August in 1952 that the two teen-age Indian girls, a boy of twelve and another boy of sixteen were sentenced to spend some time in the State Industrial School, and the Seftons prepared for one of their routine trips up to the northern part of Nevada to deliver their charges to the school.

Walter Sefton (left) entering Clark County Courthouse with detective.
PHOTO BY UPI

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
217 CARSON ST.

THE SKID ROW QUEEN'S LAST NIGHT

CONTINUED

It was a long trip and it took two drivers, spelling each other, to make it without an overnight stop. However, on this trip Mrs. Sefton and her son had been forced to break the long drive, because of a sand storm that blew up when they were near Fallon. They had limped into the little town, which is just east of Reno, and taken their charges to the county jail for an overnight stay. The Seftons had gone to a hotel where they were given adjoining rooms. Mrs. Sefton was dead tired and had soon fallen asleep.

Early the next morning she had gone to Walter's room to awaken him and had found his bed untouched and no sign that he had even occupied the room.

" What did you do then?" the sheriff asked.

The woman said wearily, "I went over to the jail to see if Walter had maybe decided to stay the night there. Mr. Sefton had deputized him before we took off on this trip, and gave him a revolver and impressed on him that it was his responsibility to see that the four were safely delivered to the State School. Mr. Sefton and I are trying to give our son a sense of responsibility—to teach him the right way . . ." Her voice trailed off tiredly, and her trembling hands clasped and unclasped in her lap.

"Yes, ma'am," the sheriff said gently. "So, what did you find out when you went over to the jail?"

Suddenly, she buried her face in her hands. Her voice was stifled as the words came through her fingers. "Walter was gone, so was the car—and the four juveniles!" She lifted her face from her hands, and her eyes were filled with tears. "I know it was those two girls! They must have talked Walter into getting them out of jail, driving them off somewhere! And then they must have kidnaped him!"

"Maybe the boy just took them on up to the State School," the sheriff suggested. "Maybe when the storm died down he decided to finish the trip alone and let you rest up in the hotel."

The woman shook her head. "No, I telephoned the State School. They said he hadn't arrived and they hadn't heard from him."

Further questioning elicited the fact that the phone call to the school had been made three days before, on the morning after they'd registered in the hotel—after Mrs. Sefton had gone to the jail.

"Why didn't you come to me that day?" the puzzled sheriff asked.

"I—I thought maybe Walter was driving them to the school, so I waited at the hotel for him to phone me. I knew he would get in touch with me eventually. He—he always does."

THAT last phrase, "he always does," gave the sheriff his first clue to the reason for the woman's confused story. Probing gently, he elicited a few more facts that indicated Mrs. Sefton was trying to protect Walter. Mr. Sefton had given him a hundred and fifty dollars for expenses. It was the first time the Seftons had given such responsibility, although he was now nineteen.

The sheriff checked Mrs. Sefton's story with the jailer. "The Sefton boy was properly deputized by his father to take charge of the prisoners," the jailer said. "So, when he showed up here that night and asked for release of the kids I thought he and his mother had decided to continue the trip instead of waiting for daylight. The sand storm had died down and lots of people prefer to drive at night to avoid the hot sun."

The sheriff then put through a telephone call to Mr. Sefton. There was a moment of silence when he finished a brief account of what had happened and assured Mr. Sefton that his wife was safe and resting in his home.

Finally Mr. Sefton's weary voice came over the wire. "I had hoped we could trust the boy this time. My wife pleaded with me to deputize him, give him a chance to show he could be trusted."

Then, briefly he gave the sheriff a rundown on Walter's background.

Walter Horace Sefton, an orphan, had been adopted by the Seftons in Arkansas when he was a month old. The childless couple had loved him dearly, brought him up with all the care and affection they would have given a child of their own. Walter had developed into an unruly boy.

At the age of eleven he had been picked up by the police. By 1941 he had been fingerprinted by the FBI and had a record of thirteen arrests as a juvenile deliquent.

He had been arrested in Texas, Arkansas and California, Oregon and Nevada, but his foster parents had never deserted him. They gave up their home in Arkansas and followed him through all the states in which he had wandered, looting and fighting his way, and always being apprehended eventually by the law. Time after time they found him in jail. Sometimes they were able to bail him out, but very often they had to settle down and wait until he had served his sentence.

To the police of those Western states the boy was labeled "Bad Boy" Sefton. They considered him a petty crook, not a vicious criminal; a weakling who was easily lead into trouble.

THE following day, after the Fallon police had taken up the hunt for the Sefton car with its five young occupants, one of the deputies came upon a twelve-year-old boy lying beside the road some miles outside of Fallon. The boy was dirty and bloody from minor cuts and abrasions. He was crying bitterly when the police came upon him, and suffering from a hangover.

He made no effort to resist being taken into custody. And readily admitted he was one of the four juveniles Walter Sefton had removed from the Fallon jail. With very little urging the twelve-year-old told what had happened after Walter had removed the four from the jail.

"Walter said he'd teach us to be big-shot crooks. He told us all about his record, beginning when he was eleven years old. He showed us a lot of money and said we'd first have a big party to celebrate, then he'd begin teaching us how to commit really big stuff, and make a lot of money."

The picture of Walter, drawn by his doting parents, failed to match that described (*Continued on page* 46)

SOMETHING NICE FROM NICE:

mmmm—Michele!

■ A delightful bit of French pastry who answers to the musical name of Michele Mercier is carving her way into the film industry.

Born in Nice, on the first day of 1939, the willowy brunette has appeared in half a dozen French films. Recently she moved across the Channel to England to play in the J. Arthur Rank production, "Fury at Smugglers' Bay." Another step up the success ladder was a role in "Aimez-Vous Brahms," with Yves Montand and Ingrid Bergman. (We know it in this country as "Good-Bye

PHOTOS BY JERRY TANNEN OF GLOBE

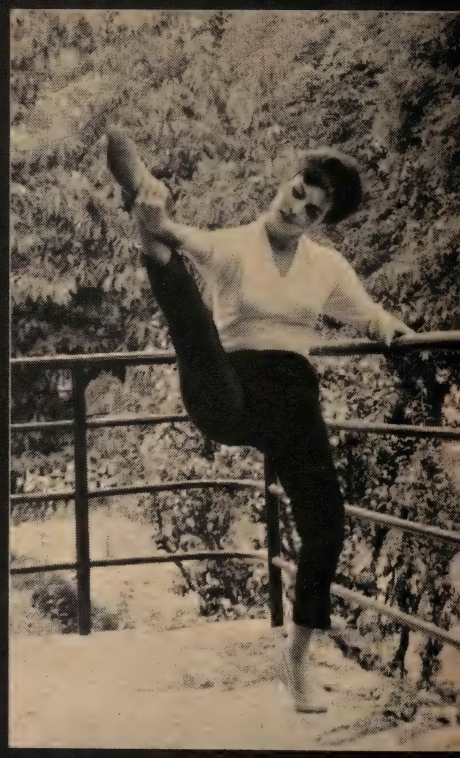
SOMETHING NICE FROM NICE:

Again.") Michele played the part of one of Montand's girls.

At twenty-three she is a young woman of striking beauty, a tall, slim 115 pounds which are distributed statistically to the tune of 35-22-35.

While attending a film festival in Berlin, Michele caught the eye of famed American director, Elia Kazan who recommended her to Josh Logan for the lead in his film production of "Fanny." She went to Boston during the tryout of the play and was tested for the role. She impressed the viewers but lost the part to Leslie Caron who was better known.

Michele has made enough money to buy a lovely villa overlooking the Seine in the Paris suburb of Poissy. She has decorated it with taste and imagination, using French and Italian antique furniture, and vibrant color everywhere. Her garden is planted with roses and fruit trees—a perfect spot for sunbathing and entertaining. On a terrace, built over the garden,



SOMETHING NICE FROM NICE:

she practices ballet. This is a daily ritual which helps her to maintain those heavenly dimensions.

Michele has a passion for the good things in life . . . champagne, fine food and beautiful clothes.

Her big dream is Hollywood. But this French filly isn't about to settle for a mere walk-on part in the film capital. She wants a contract or commitment for at least one good picture.

Will she make it? Take another good look, fellas! ■

THE BLUE GHOST OF THE UNION

By Cole Jackson

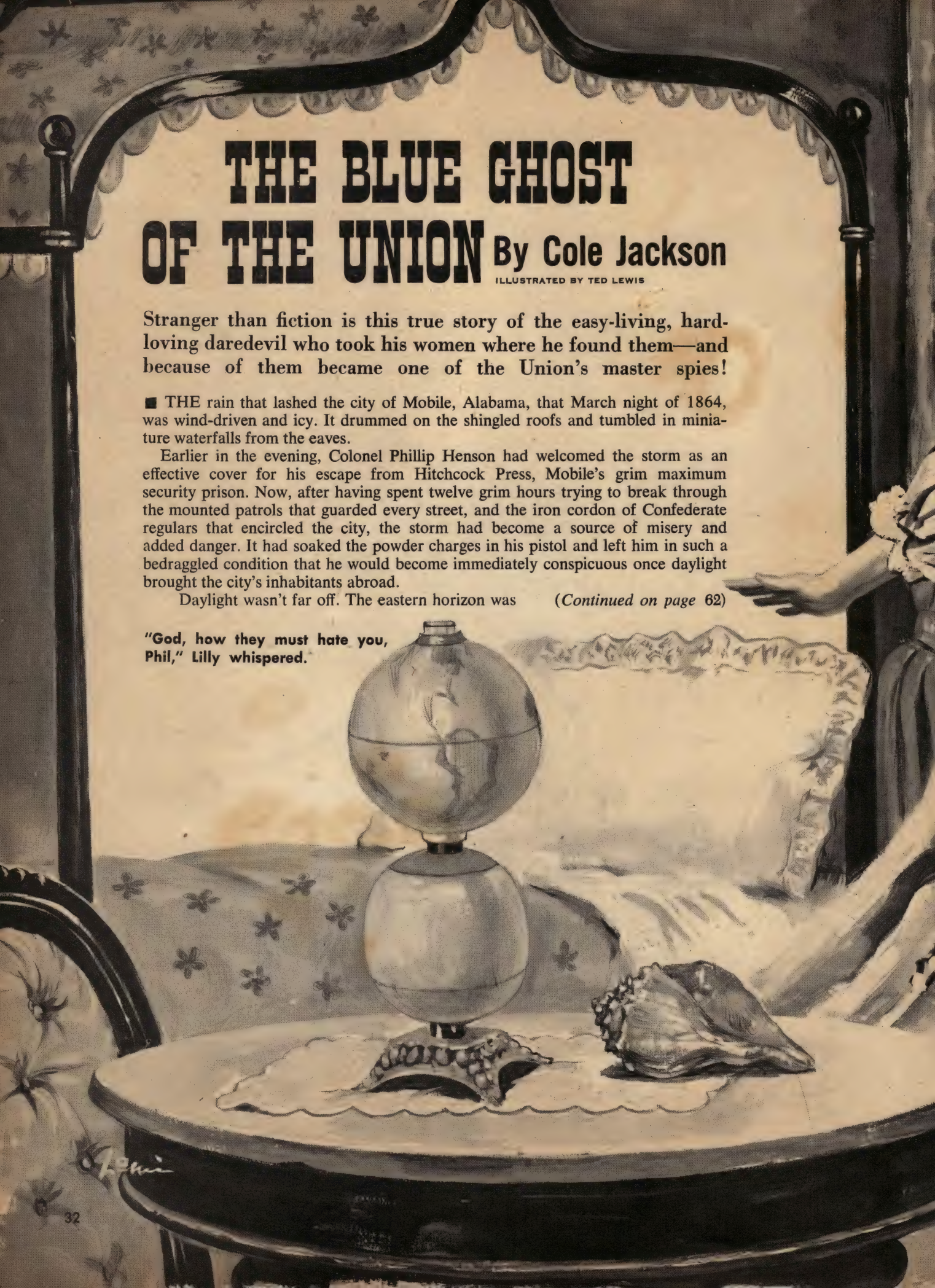
ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIS

Stranger than fiction is this true story of the easy-living, hard-loving daredevil who took his women where he found them—and because of them became one of the Union's master spies!

■ THE rain that lashed the city of Mobile, Alabama, that March night of 1864, was wind-driven and icy. It drummed on the shingled roofs and tumbled in miniature waterfalls from the eaves.

Earlier in the evening, Colonel Phillip Henson had welcomed the storm as an effective cover for his escape from Hitchcock Press, Mobile's grim maximum security prison. Now, after having spent twelve grim hours trying to break through the mounted patrols that guarded every street, and the iron cordon of Confederate regulars that encircled the city, the storm had become a source of misery and added danger. It had soaked the powder charges in his pistol and left him in such a bedraggled condition that he would become immediately conspicuous once daylight brought the city's inhabitants abroad.

Daylight wasn't far off. The eastern horizon was (*Continued on page* 62)



"God, how they must hate you, Phil," Lilly whispered.

THE LIVES & LOVES OF CIRCUS FREAKS

Billed as Double-Bodied Hindoo Enigma, Piramel had headless body of undeveloped twin sister growing out of his abdomen.

"She was one person above the waist and two persons below. Both persons bore children. She was buried, at her own request, in solid concrete—so that no one might stare at her again."

■ THE "strange people," as P. T. Barnum billed his freaks, live in a world of their own, having relatively little contact with the public which gapes at them in circus or carnival sideshows or boardwalk concessions. But whether they have three legs or two bodies, whether they are dog-faced or pinheads or living skeletons, whether they are eight-foot giants, two-foot-midgets, or professional fat ladies they have their own private love affairs. Many are happily married and give birth to children every bit as normal as the average run of human beings.

Most of us are naturally curious. Oddities lure us. Bob Ripley made a fortune from his "Believe-It-or-Not" cartoons featuring the bizarre. So popular was this series that today, years after his death, another syndicated artist is carrying it on under his name.

Zip, the "What-Is-It?" weird-looking Negro with cone-shaped head, born William H. Johnson in 1842, died at eighty-one.

BY FREEMAN HUBBARD

PHOTOS FROM HERTZBERG CIRCUS COLLECTION SAN ANTONIO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

OLD PRINTS FROM THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

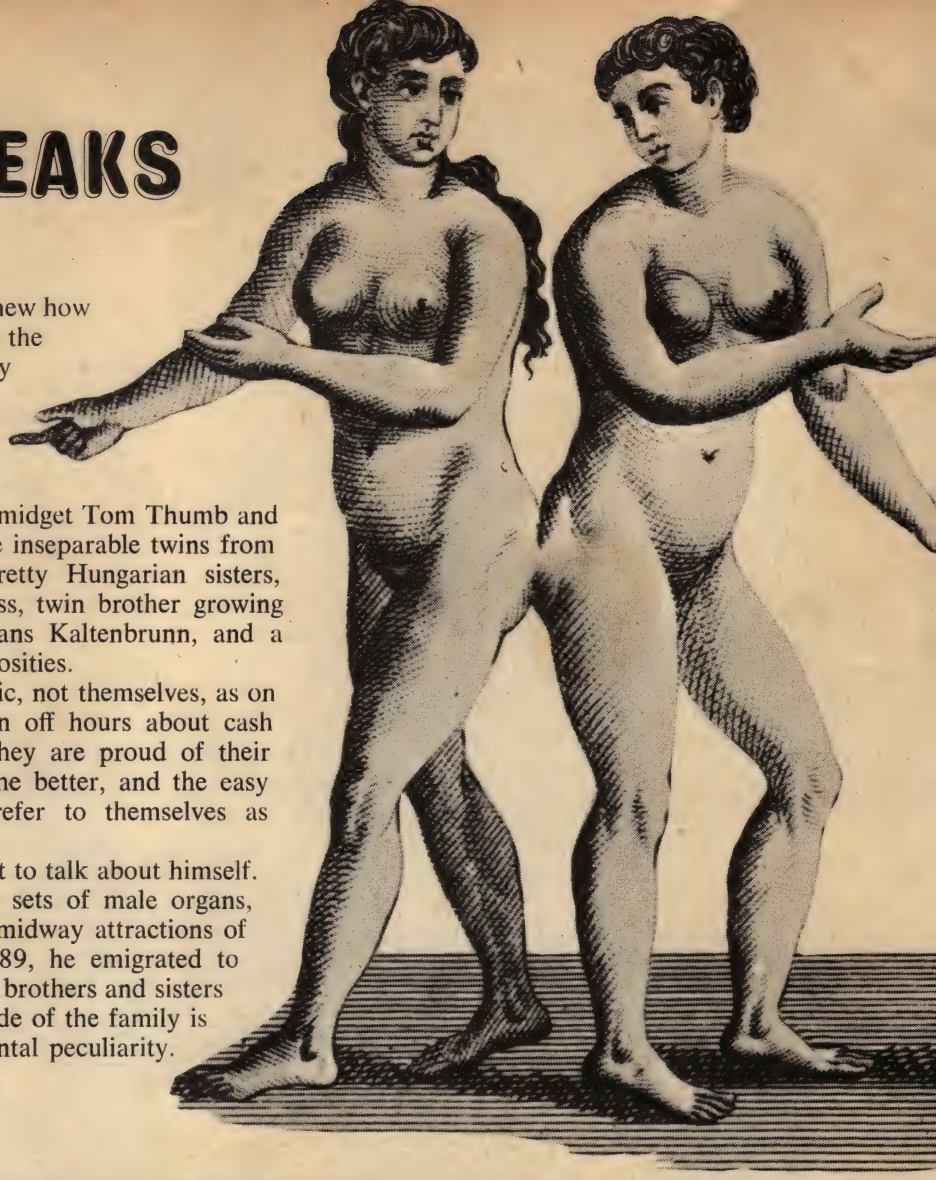
Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, joined at upper abdomen by ligature. They married normal sisters, sired a total of twenty-one children, and died at age sixty-three.

Mme. Josephine Clofullia, the Bearded Lady, and husband. She was great drawing card for Barnum.

FAR LEFT: Francesco Lentini had three legs and two sets of male organs. He was married, fathered four normal children.

AT LEFT: J. W. Coffey, "The Living Skeleton" (also known as The Skeleton Dude) was married, and never weighed more than seventy-one pounds.

CIRCUS FREAKS



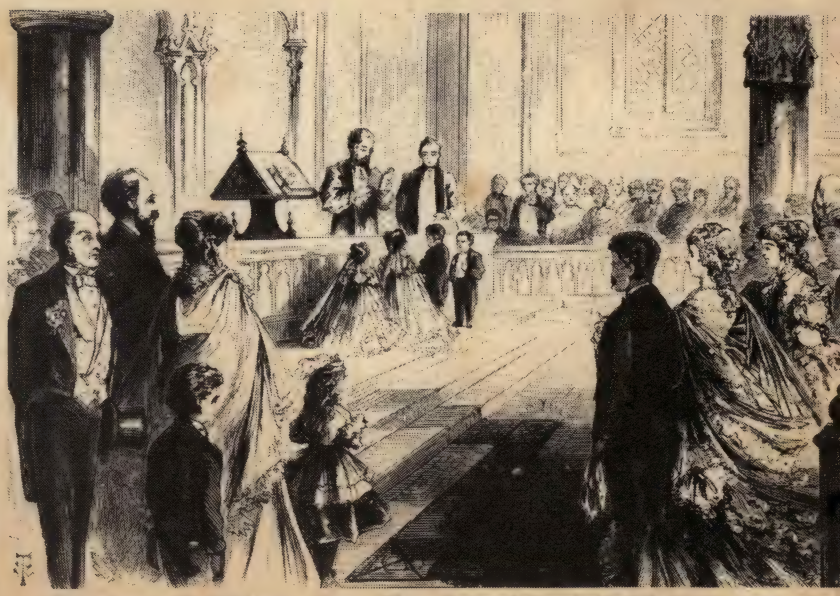
Barnum, shrewd as he was, never knew how much he owed his fame and wealth to the malfunctioning of the tiny pituitary gland at the base of the brain—(which governs growth) and to failure of certain microscopic sex cells to develop inside the uterus.

Such biological slipups evoked the midget Tom Thumb and the blonde giantess Anna Swan, those inseparable twins from Siam, Chang and Eng, and the pretty Hungarian sisters, Helena and Judith; the small, headless, twin brother growing out of the belly of German-born Hans Kaltenbrunn, and a long, long list of other human monstrosities.

The strange people regard the public, not themselves, as on display. The comments they make in off hours about cash customers are far from flattering. They are proud of their ability to attract crowds, the more the better, and the easy money they earn, and invariably refer to themselves as "artists."

Francesco Lentini was not reluctant to talk about himself. Having three legs and two complete sets of male organs, Lentini became one of the best-paid midway attractions of modern times. Born in Sicily in 1889, he emigrated to America at age nine. All of his eleven brothers and sisters were normal. No relative on either side of the family is known to have had a physical or mental peculiarity.

"The Wild Men of Borneo," Waino and Plutano, with average-sized man.



Marriage of midgets, Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, was a fashionable affair in New York City's exclusive Grace Church.

Two views of Hungarian Siamese twins, Helena and Judith, joined at base of spine.

Why wasn't Lentini's third leg amputated? Because, surgeons said, it was connected with the spinal column and a severance would have caused paralysis or instant death. The handsome Sicilian traveled for many years with such big circuses as Walter L. Main's, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows.

"Many people are a lot worse off than I am," he philosophized. "They have less to live for and they enjoy but a fraction of the pleasure I get out of life. My extra leg never bothers me. I can get about as well as the average person in walking, running, skating, and riding a bicycle, and when I swim I actually have an advantage over the other fellows because I can use my extra leg as a rudder. I am happily married and the proud father of four perfect and well-developed children, three boys and a girl. When I buy shoes, I get two pairs at a time and give the extra left shoe to a friend who lost his right leg."

LENTINI told a reporter for the circus magazine *White Tops* that he knew of two other males with three legs and even two four-legged females. The latter included Myrtle Corbin, who had a pair of smaller legs situated between two of normal size. She had, in fact, a headless and armless little body dangling down from her chest, which was uncomfortable to carry around, and two complete sets of internal organs. She was first exhibited in 1882. (*Continued on page* 67)

Marriage of Captain Martin Bates (seven feet, six) and Anna Swan (seven feet, eight) at St. Martin's in London.

Most curious freaks: Dog-faced Moung Phoset and his equally hairy parents.

"IF YOU DIE... I'LL SHOOT YOU"

BY JAMES SHERMAN

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

This is Life ... This is Death! Pictured here, in stark reality, is the dramatic crossroad of Fate, where both paths meet and cross . . .

■ I GET paid for shooting dead people. That's my job. I'm a cop. No, I don't shoot them with my gun just to make sure that they are dead, I shoot them with my trusty camera. I'm a police photographer.

Any time that there is a death from unnatural causes or causes unknown or any type of accidental death, in the county in which I live, it is my job to shoot the body—photographically, that is, as well as the scene and the evidence.

Whether it be murder, drowning, suicide, fire, automobile accident, or any type of death, the body and the scene is not disturbed until I have photographed it.

I am on duty twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I may get called out just as I sit down to a hot meal, or I may have to leave in the middle of a meal. I may have to crawl out of a warm bed, in the wee hours of the morning,

Killed instantly when he was struck and run over by a speeding car at night, this man never had a chance.

Stabbed in the back, this woman died at the hands of her son, in quarrel over use of the car.

"IF YOU DIE... I'LL SHOOT YOU"

CONTINUED

and go out in snow, ice, rain, or tornados to photograph a body. I may have to leave church in the middle of a sermon, or the theatre in the middle of a play. When the "chief" says: "Jump," all that I can say is, "How far, Chief?".

My little wife has become accustomed to having to take a taxi home and to my getting out of bed, and coming back to bed at all hours of the night. If we go to church, the theatre, or to visit friends, the police department must be informed where we can be reached quickly, if needed.

Is my job exciting, glamorous, adventurous, interesting? No! Maybe it is interesting, at times. It is interesting to try to figure out why people take their own lives. Why they took the chance that cost them their lives; speed, reckless driving, etc. Or what they did to another person that caused the other person to murder them. Why a person that burned to death in a house or building couldn't get out.

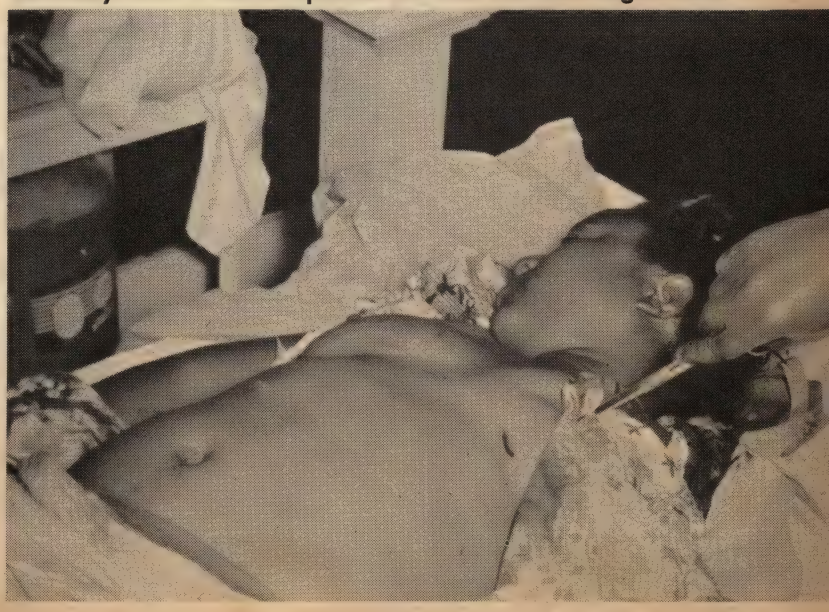
Most of the time my job is heartbreaking, at times I have to grit my teeth to keep from crying, sometimes I want to run away from the scene, forget the photographs, but I can't; it's my job. So, I grit my teeth, shake my head to get control of myself, and keep shooting.

CAN you imagine what it's like to have to photograph a body while some loved ones stand by screaming and crying in anguish? Maybe they have to be restrained by force from throwing themselves on the body. Imagine having to remove the clothes from a body, especially a woman's body, so that you can photograph the wounds that caused death, as the loved ones look on? Can you imagine having to stand on the banks of a body of water and shoot photographs of the rescue squad trying to recover the body of a drowned child, while its parents, brothers and sisters stand by sobbing and crying? Have you ever heard the screams of a (*Contniued on page* 71)

He went to sleep at the wheel of his car. He never woke up.

This lady tried to beat a train . . . She failed to make it.

Jealousy—and a knife—spelled the end for this Negro wife.



She got tired of waiting, crawled under freight train—and seventeen cars passed over her body.

EVIL STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

estimated that ten thousand men and women enter the Walled City every day to seek the heroin dens and the brothels, or a hideout to escape punishment for crimes they have committed in the Crown Colony.

Then I made a cautious ten-minute sortie inside the area. This brief reconnoitre acquainted me with the dregs of humanity slinking through narrow, fetid alleyways. It was apparent that this section harbored every type of wrongdoer known to criminal science, from purse-snatchers, dope addicts and smugglers, to assassins. I saw disease-ridden children crawling like anemic rodents in the filthy, gloomy labyrinths that were bisected by overflowing sewers.

Young, pretty Chinese prostitutes blocked my course and bargained insistently. A youth, not more than thirteen or fourteen years old, tugged at my arm.

"You come along," he urged me. "I have virgin sister only fourteen years. Never been with man. You take her hotel room here one week. Twenty dollars U.S.! Make you very happy!"

No pariah dogs skulked through the littered alleyways, as on the outside, and this was significant: In the Walled City a canine, beaten systematically to death with clubs so as to cause internal hemorrhaging of the stomach and intestines, stuffed with rice, is considered a roast delicacy. An ancient Chinese crone squatted beside a wicker cage of mewing cats which she sold for skewering over charcoal braziers.

I brushed past extortionists, pimps, blackmailers, Chinese secret society Triad gangsters, Communist spies, wanted criminals, and killers-for-hire, swarming like voracious sharks in a stagnant, bloody pool. But I realized it was a safe swamp for them, because the Hong Kong Police have no official right to come into the stinking bog and seine for them.

That morning, I had learned by research in the library of the Hong Kong University, that this area had been set apart in the original treaty of June 9th 1898, called The Extension of Hong Kong Territory.

At that time there were Chinese officials and residents living in the Walled City, who demanded that their section be exempt from inclusion in the leased lands to Great Britain, and this wish was respected. At the turn of the last century the Walled City was considered a peaceful quarter, with friendly visits exchanged between Chinese and British officials and residents, and, although this *casbah* constituted an "island" in the very heart of the Crown Colony territories, it served as a model of mutual coexistence.

It was after World War I that criminal elements, taking advantage of the unique sanctuary benefit, used it as a hideout to escape punishments for infractions of Hong Kong regulations. When the Japanese occupied Hong Kong they destroyed its encircling wall of stone blocks, which they used in the construction of an extension of the important Kai Tak Airport.

Since the end of World War II, the Walled City has degenerated into a small sin city of violence and death. Riotings have broken out several times in this section, and on two occasions Red China (who laid claim to this area through its 1949 domination of the China mainland, thereby "inheriting" the Walled City from Nationalist China) threatened to send down soldiers from the Canton garrison to "restore order," if Great Britain were incapable.

When I came up the stairway out of the Walled City, a Chinese policeman patrolling along Carpenter Road saw me, turned, and started toward me. I leapt into the taxi and sped off before he could reach me. But I knew he had a good description of me.

The phone in my hotel room rang almost the very instant I entered. It was the police inspector.

"I see that my warning has had no effiect," he said coldly. "I must remind you again that the Hong Kong Police have no jurisdiction in that place. If you are hurt or killed, we can only

hospitalize you or *bury you*—providing, of course, you get out or we can find you."

"I was just curious about the place, that's all," I said easily. "I only went in a little way and stayed just a short time."

I heard him sigh heavily. "And I daresay you'll want to go back in farther for a longer stay. Tell you what—meet me and some of my plain-clothes men tonight. We're going in there unofficially to look for a killer. Perhaps what you see with us will convince you for all times to keep out of there."

JUST before midnight I entered the Walled City again, in company with the homicide detail of the Hong Kong police. I had been warned not to loiter, wander off by myself, or talk to anyone, but to proceed in single file toward a heroin den where the murderer was supposed to be hiding. Forewarned of an unofficial police raid, the alleyways were almost deserted, although now and gain there were the shadowy goings-and-comings of phantom-like Chinese, the "zombies," the walking-dead heroin addicts, with wild unkempt hair, bluish-hued skin, sagging eyelids and sightless stares, whining for *cumshaw,* (alms) for desperately-craved heroin pills.

We moved briskly, the inspector ahead, and two Chinese detectives behind me, down the intermixed system of alleyways. Every now and then I caught glimpses through open doorways of opium divans and heroin dens, in which opium lamps flickered through the heavy haze of narcotic smoke. Against the walls were wide wooden bunks, divans, or "shelves." Here the addicts sprawled, their heads cushioned by the standard headblocks, as they languidly prepared opium or heroin. The only sound were a medley of gurgling inhalations as they drew deeply on their pipes.

The inspector stopped at a corner for a short conference with his men, and during this halt I saw through a window a demonstration of "Chasing-the-Dragon," a new and popular method now in vogue in Hong Kong for inhaling heroin fumes. I saw heroin and barbiturates in granule form being melted to the consistency and color of molasses in an eight-inch-by-two inch strip of tinfol, folded lengthwise in the middle to provide the shoot for the flow of the mixture back and forth. This V-shaped tray is held between the thumb and index-finger and tilted deftly at one end, and then the other, at the same time, so that the addict can inhale the spiralling heroin smoke by means of a crude tinfoil soda-straw.

"That's the strongest form of heroin addiction known," the inspector commented. "Chasing-the-Dragon addicts die within six months."

A brief stop was made at a large public latrine in the center of the Walled City, installed gratuitously by the Hong Kong Public Works Department to forestall an epidemic in the *casbah.* Two corpses were stretched out under the urinal.

"Heroin addicts?" I asked.

The inspector shrugged his shoul-

Dead Reckoning

The galleon San Felipe, *she was homing from Peru*
Loaded deep with bullion as she plunged the combers blue.
Pennon at each masthead, the lion flag astern
Guards in jack and corion—they'd a lot to learn!
We marked her by the crosses flaming scarlet on her sails . . .
Dead men, dead men tell no tales!

Up the coast to Calais, her lily banner spread,
Swept a proud mouneer of France, convoy far ahead,
One who knew us whispered, in a quiet pub ashore
That a fancy fille *for Louis was the dainty prize she bore.*
There's princes on the Barbaree who value pretty quails . . .
Dead men, dead men tell no tales!

A merchantman from Bristol with goods within her hold
To barter down in far Cathay for silk and spice and gold,
Churned in sight at sunup . . . We raked her fore and aft,
Fetched her gewgaws all aboard, sank the shattered craft.
Oh, accidents will happen—and a lugger leaves no trails . . .
Dead men, dead men tell no tales!

We've Plymouth lads among us, we've Portugese and Dutch;
But here we're Fortune's gentlemen, and race don't matter much . . .
We seek the yellow darlings, the guinea and doubloon,
From Cristos Keys to Skaggerack beneath the blood-washed moon.
Here's to pike and powder smoke till Luck, the strumpet fails!
Dead men, dead men tell no tales!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

ders. "It could be a grudge-slaying, a suicide, or a dope-death. Usually, it's a heroin addict. One or two bodies are found in here every day by the sanitation clean-up gang and taken outside to the Government morgue."

We bent down closer to examine the bodies. There were no marks of violence. Their skeletal appearance and the blue-marble tint of the skin definitely indicated death from a heroin heart-paralysis.

"Human life is cheap in this *casbah,"* the Inspector commented.

Next we visited the heroin den, but it was empty.

"They were tipped off the very moment we came into the *casbah*. Otherwise these shelves would be filled." He scowled. "Looks like a quiet night. Generally, roving gangs of secret society Triad thugs prowl up and down the alleys, waylaying, intimidating, robbing, and maiming. Rival secret society gangsters make war on each other to contest leadership in this dive. They use meat cleavers, knives, iron bars and bicycle chains. It's a normal expectancy for a Chinese hoodlum, or heroin maniac, to leap from a darkened doorway or from the shadows of an alley, brandishing a gleaming meat chopper in each hand, so carefully honed that they could be used for shaving. That's why you've got to be convinced to stay out of here."

Suddenly, as we went back into the alley, there was the frenzied shout of "Murder! Murder! Save life! Save life!"

We ran pell-mell toward the outcry. Forcing an entry to a dilapidated hovel at No. two South East Lane, we found a Chinese of about thirty years huddled in a stinking cubicle. He was almost disemboweled. In another bed-space compartment was a twenty-three-year-old Chinese girl on a blood-soaked mattress. Her right arm had been hacked off at the shoulder, and her head was dangling from her neck by only a thin thread of skin. A razor-sharp meat chopper had been the customary death-dealing instrument.

"Not a very pretty sight, is it?" remarked the Inspector. "But I'm glad you're seeing this. It's what can happen to you if you don't stay out of here."

This grisly scene shocked me deeply. The man had finely moulded intelligent features, and the girl's face was exotically beautiful, even in death. Why had this happened? *Why?*

"There's never any logical reason for a death in here," the Inspector said, as if reading my mind. "It just happens, that's all. Are you satisfied about the Walled City now?"

Yes, I had had enough of this sordid section.

BUT two days later my curiosity was revived. It was as if some portentous force was drawing me back into the reeking confines of the Walled City. To placate my qualms and to ease my conscience where the inspector's kind intentions in warning me were concerned, I practically reasoned that I had no photographs of the inside of this *casbah;* and I needed them.

A correspondent-friend in Hong Kong had a sensible solution. "I can find a secret society member to give you a safe tour of the area," he said. "When you're with him you'll be okay."

So late one night, a young, ascetic-looking Chinese, who looked like a college student, guided me back inside. He remarked casually that he was a member of the most powerful Triad society in Hong Kong.

We reached the center of the quarter without incident. Then I saw two addicts emerge from a heroin den. I engaged the flash to my camera, aimed, and got an effective shot. But the blinding flare of my flash seemed to be the sigsal for all the human rats of this *casbah* to converge on us, yelling. They seemed to crawl out from underneath the slimy stones, the excrement-choked sewers and rottening garbage. My camera was knocked out of my hand, my flash ripped out of its socket camera support.

I retrieved my camera, but filthy hands kept tearing at my clothes. I was being smothered by the press of excited humanity. The stench was overpowering. All demanded *cumshaw*.

My Triad guide finally recruited the help of two other secret society members and with well-placed kicks managed to disperse the pack.

"They'll be back!" my guide exclaimed. "You shouldn't have used your camera light. It was like a flash of lightning. The whole area is stirred up now." He caught my arm. "I think we'd better get out. There's a limit even to my influence in here."

When we came to a junction of an alley, a tall, scrawny addict suddenly cut in on us, moaning for a handout to buy heroin. He caught my jacket in a strong grip, jerking me back. My guide and his friends closed in swiftly. There was a thud, and the beggar was knocked, whimpering, into a doorway. When I glanced in he was sprawled grotesquely on his back, still as death. I stepped closer, intending to help him to his feet, but the Triad guide jerked me out, almost roughly.

"Leave him alone!" he said tensely. "He's not hurt much, just the wind knocked out of him. The quicker you're out of here the better."

As we were climbing up the stairway to Carpenter Road, he said, "What just happened is why you must never, *never* enter this Walled City alone. If a gang of those heroin horrors surrounded you in an alley, they could tear you to pieces. Who can tell what a heroin addict, his nerves screaming for a shot, might do. They kill, you surely must know, for their heroin."

But I still needed photographs.

A few nights latter, I decided to enter the strange *casbah* for the last time, and this time from the rear section which up to now I had not penetrated. It pressed close to a slope that ascended to a hill of graves, fittingly called Cemetery Hill.

I climbed the endless stairs to the top of the burial summit, then descended by the aid of a small pen-flashlight to the back of the Walled City. I entered by a single alleyway, unobserved, and moved cautiously farther into the area. This time I had a fast film, so started taking my shots without the aid of the flash, huddled back in alcoves out of sight of passers-by. For half an hour I was able to work undetected.

Then I decided to traverse the section completely to save myself the hard climb up the slope.

I chose the least frequented alleyways, my camera hidden under my jacket, simulating a drunken stagger, to all appearances a regular patron.

The farther I progressed, the alleys and small open courts became darker and more deserted. Although I was certain I saw Chinese men hovering at the ends of alleyways, they seemed to melt into the dense shadows upon my approach.

Then, suddenly, I discovered I was alone in a foul-smelling alley, without sense of direction, the only sound my muffled sponge-rubber tread on the cobbles. Light was cast through the cracks of barred shop shutters and an occasional wan bulb fixed to the wall at a junction. I grew uneasy.

Now I sensed very real danger, so close it seemed to nuzzle my neck. I turned my head. Behind I saw the darker silhouettes of men superimposed against the shadowy alleyway, moving down upon me, silently, inexorably.

It would be foolish, I knew, to show panic by breaking into a wild run. They'd overtake me before I could reach the next corner.

To my left, in a deep alcove, I saw a wide strip of light under a door that appeared to be slightly ajar. I pushed boldly against it, the door creaking loudly on rusty hinges. I stepped down into a dazzling brilliance. Suspended from a beam was a hissing pressure-lantern, barely ten inches from my face. I drew back, shielding my eyes and saw the occupants of the room.

IT WAS a scene I shall never forget. An old and withered *mamasan* looked up at me with placid eyes, her movement with a porcelain spoon arrested toward a bubbling pot on a brazier. And frozen in varied postures, as I had surprised them, were several young Chinese girls, holding bowls of rice, some even remaining transfixed with bits of fish or pork impaled between chop-sticks half-way to their rosebud lips.

"Excuse me," I said politely, in English. "I'm an American. I've become lost in this place, and for me, a stranger, there is considerable danger if I wander about. I wonder if I may remain with you for a little while? I will pay you well, of course."

My voice broke the spell. The *mamasan's* face splintered into a spidery pattern of good-humored wrinkles, and the exquisite young girls covered their mouths with their hands, and giggled.

The *mamasan* moved nimbly behind me and threw the bolt on the door, motioning me to sit on the sofa against the wall. A minute later there was a gentle tapping on the door, and the *mamasan* spoke sharply and imperiously, and I knew sufficient Chinese to understand her words.

"Go away!" she said. "The girls have gone to bed, so the place is closed for the night!"

She approached me, sat down, and patted my hand to reassure me. "Whoever it is that is outside knows that I have strong protection in this Walled City, absolute Triad protection. So they would not dare to force an entrance. So you are safe in here. But you must not try to leave tonight, because they might wait for you." She smiled sweetly. "You'll find it pleasant and not too expensive, I'm sure, sleeping until morning with *mamasan* and her pretty little love-starlings."

She glanced beyond me to the cluster of staring, shy girls, and nodded proudly.

"Now and then wealthy Chinese merchants and Europeans from Hong Kong Island come here to spend a week with a precious little virgin. They are brought here by a Triad member, so they, the patrons of my place, are always guaranteed safe conduct."

She pointed to a girl in a green embroidered blouse and pantalons sitting cross-legged by herself on the floor against the side wall, poked me playfully with her thumb. "Her name is Mei Ling, and she's a sweet, but naughty, little crown princess of love."

I glanced at the face of the delicate prostitute. The expression was neither innocent nor corrupt. Oriental women have an amazing insulation: evilsess never seems to touch them. I suppose it's because they remain always detached, remote, inviolable. Mei Ling now became a stronger reason for me to remain until the comparative safety of daylight in the Walled City.

"I will stay the night," I told the *mamasan*.

A few minutes after I had crawled into bed, showered and refreshed, I heard the door open and the light patter of tiny slippered feet. Mei Ling came into the flickering radius of light cast by the candle before the red-and-gold lacquered wall shrine of the Taoist Goddess of the Heavens. I watched spellbound.

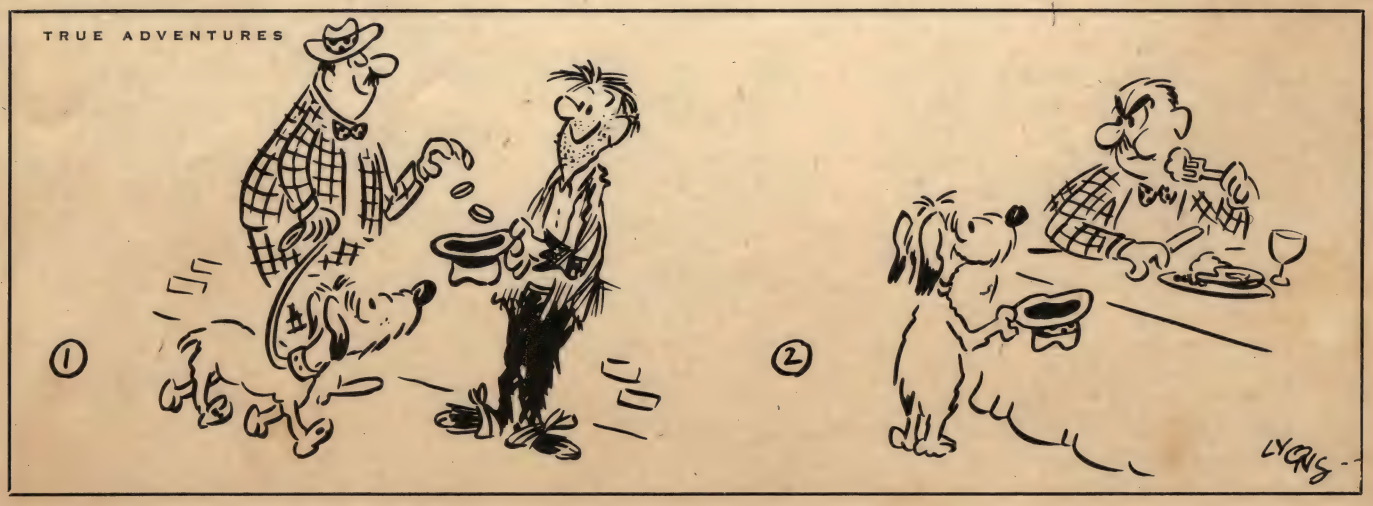
Gracefully, she approached the bed like a playful sprite, her bare feet barely touching the floor.

Then she was beside me, murmuring in Chinese, pressed against me.

Now I was appreciative that my refuge had been with *mamasan* and her girls, that I would have a pleasanter memory, other than stark sordidness, of this dangerous *casbah*.

But I have made up my mind that, should I return to Hong Kong, I will never, never again visit the Walled City—not even to see the lovely Mei Ling.

A man can tempt fate once too often. ■



SKID ROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

by the boy who had joined in the drinking bout that followed the jail release. Apparently, Walter Sefton had brought along plenty of liquor and food for the "party." Everybody had got very drunk and finally Walter and the sixteen-year-old prisoner had begun to fight over the girls, who had egged them on, seeming to enjoy the picture of the boys fighting over them. The smaller boy had tried to stop the fight and had gotten knifed for his trouble by Walter, who had a switchblade. Finally, the twelve-year-old boy had run away from the brutal scene, sick and scared. He had walked, not sure of his direction, until he fell from exhaustion at the spot beside the highway where the sheriff's men had found him.

It was four days before the Fallon officers managed to track down the kids. They found Walter Sefton, the sixteen-year-old boy and one of the girls asleep in an alley behind a Reno night club. They were saturated with liquor, dirty and bruised from the fights that had developed during the frenzied orgies. With cooperation of the Reno police they were taken to jail.

Later that same day the other girl was found walking along a highway near Hawthorne. She made no show of resistance when the police surrounded her. She said she had run away when the other girl had begun cutting her up in a fight over the sixteen-year-old boy.

As usual, "Bad Boy" Sefton became as mild as a kitten once he was in the custody of police. He had a nice polite manner about him, and he would always admit his crimes and agree that he deserved to be punished.

So, once again Walter "Bad Boy" Sefton went to jail, and once again his doting parents were forced to pick up stakes and move, due to the scandal. The Seftons lost their jobs, and this time moved on to Las Vegas to await disposition of Walter's case.

On November 11, 1952, Walter Horace Sefton was sentenced to one to five years in the state prison at Carson City. The charge was second-degree burglary.

As usual, he was a model prisoner and after serving one year of his sentence was released by a lenient parole board. Like a homing pigeon he went to his foster parents and gave them the usual routine of promising to reform and to get a job.

He got a job in a garage, where he made new friends quickly, as he always did, for he was a likeable young man. He began to hang out in a North Side bar after work, where he would meet his new friends.

Drinking was in violation of his parole, but Walter's parents, as usual, protected him from the parole inspectors.

For some time Walter had been having pain in one of his legs due to a long-time infection from osteomyelitis. Local doctors had decided that surgery would be necessary to correct the condition and suggested a doctor in Los Angeles. Mrs. Sefton made an appointment for Walter for December 10th.

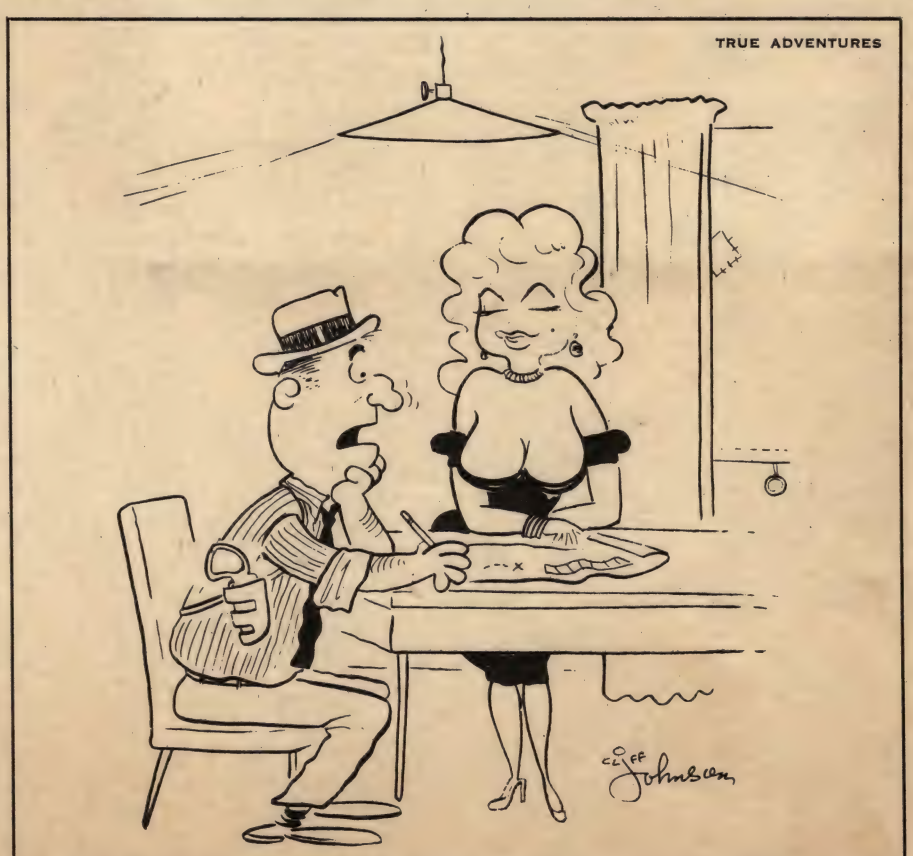
Walter drove his father's 1952 Nash Rambler station wagon and his parents agreed that he should take several days to rest his leg before starting back.

Ten days later, he returned to Las Vegas and reported that the doctor advised surgery. The operation would take place late in January.

WALTER stuck close to home during the rest of December. The pain in his leg might have had a subduing effect, but Mrs. Sefton felt that this time Walter would really settle down and become the steady, well-behaved young man that she had always known he was at heart.

On Christmas afternoon, while the family listened to the radio, there was a news flash about the discovery of a woman's body in the desert near Vegas Heights, east of Las Vegas.

The newscaster's voice droned into the quiet of the room. ". . . two boys who received target pistols for Christmas went out into the desert this



"Ok, Rosie, here's the plan: while I'm at the teller's window you'll distract the guard and . . . er . . . what was I saying?"

morning to test their guns. They left their car and walked about a hundred yards off the highway to test their pistols by firing into some low dunes. They never made those tests because there alongside the dunes they found the nude, battered body of a woman. They hurried back to town and reported to Las Vegas police. Sergeant Bill O'Reilly of Homicide was sent to investigate and recognized the victim as Mrs. Jacqueline Lee Kelly, a woman from Buffalo, New York, who came to Las Vegas six years ago to get a divorce, and remained here. She was well known for her flaming red hair with temper to match. . . ."

Mrs. Sefton said, "I'm going to turn that off. It's Christmas day and I don't want to hear any more."

Walter got up from the sofa where he had been resting.

"Ah, let's hear the end of it, Ma," he said. "Let's hear what else they found."

The newscaster was recounting in brief the history of Jackie Kelly, from her arrival in Las Vegas in 1946 until December 25, 1952, when her body was found in the desert outside of town. The vivid, lively divorcée had lived high and was a heavy drinker. She had started in the big expensive bars and worked her way down from cocktails and expensive whiskey to cheap wine.

Eventually, she had made a reputation for herself and became known as the Queen of Skid Row.

The newscaster finished with a terse and grim description of the coroner's findings—Jackie Kelly had died of numerous knife wounds. She had been kicked and beaten and her clothing had been ripped and torn from her still lovely body.

Her throat was slashed and her abdomen ripped open. There were heelprints on her white skin and in the sand surrounding the body were footprints which indicated the killer had been a man. She was dead at least twenty-four hours.

"However," the news announcer finished, "the coroner is uncertain of the exact time of death, due to the fluctuation of the temperature in the desert, where the body would have frozen in the cold night air, then thawed out under the hot sun. An exact determination of the time of death can be made only after laboratory tests are confirmed. They will be made in Los Angeles.

"In the meanwhile the brutal slayer of this woman is still at large.

"And now for the weather—" Walter snapped the radio off.

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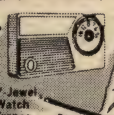
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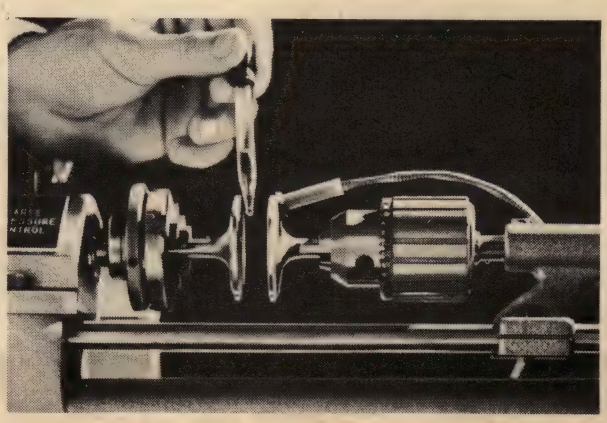
"Frankly, gentlemen, we didn't believe Bardahl could make that difference!" Those were the opening words of the famous York research engineers when they finished testing the country's best-known motor oil additive. For 180 days engineers put BARDAHL to the most exacting laboratory test.

On a delicate *jeweler's lathe*, the researchers mounted two finely honed engine valves facing each other. By rotating one valve and pressing the two metal surfaces together, they simulated a friction condition that occurs thousands of times each minute in today's automobile engine.

Day after day, hour after hour, tiny drops of oil—premium grade oil, low grade oil, contaminated oil, *and oil samples with* BARDAHL *added*—were placed between the two rubbing valves. Thousands of test runs were recorded.



Thousands of oil samples were tested on this delicate jeweler's lathe

The valves were cleaned and re-cleaned. The instruments checked and re-checked. Finally, the York engineers were satisfied they had eliminated every chance of error. The results were uncontestable.

When added to regular crankcase oil, Bardahl will reduce wear 10 to 40 per cent. **(Research technicians say the average motorist, taking normal care of his car, should expect at least a 20% saving.)**

Does This Mean a Substantial Savings in Dollars and Cents?

Yes. When you put BARDAHL in your crankcase, you put dollars back in your pocket. These are dollars you would otherwise pay out for more frequent repairs and overhauls. Let's assume you buy a new car and begin adding BARDAHL to your oil with every oil change. If you travel 10,000 miles each year for the next four years, your speedometer may read 40,000 miles *but, thanks to* BARDAHL, *the actual wear age of your engine may be only 30,000 miles.*

Your car will also be peppier, run smoother, be free of many irritating engine noises. BARDAHL helps remove sludge and gum which foul up valves and hydraulic lifters, and make your engine sluggish. You'll feel more power and get more mileage.

York Engineers Reported:

"York has been able to produce evidence that BARDAHL Additive Motor Oil, when used with various regular and premium grade motor oils, is able to effectively reduce friction and temperature and in this way ultimately reduce wear in an automobile engine between 10% and 40% on such critical area parts as rocker arm and shaft, valves and guides, hydraulic lifters, tappets and cams, fuel pump arm and eccentric and oil pump drive gear; as well as reduce wear on other parts, such as main bearings, rod bearings, piston rings, pins, connecting rod bearings and cylinder walls."

December 11, 1961

What is this magic additive called BARDAHL?

There is nothing so magical about the idea that new chemical compounds can improve ordinary hydrocarbon oils taken from the earth. BARDAHL happens to be an unusual blend of such chemicals and fine oil. It carries an S.A.E. viscosity rating and you could use it "straight" in your crankcase. Fortunately you need only a 20% mixture, or one quart of BARDAHL with each four quarts of your normal oil.

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So, if you're one of the millions of motorists who still treasure a finely tuned engine—who still wince at the thought of unnecessary wear—one answer is BARDAHL. Add one quart of BARDAHL to your crankcase with each oil change. And don't forget to add BARDAHL TOP OIL to your gas tank with each 10 gallons of gas. BARDAHL TOP OIL lubricates the oil-starved upper cylinders, reduces carbon deposits, and frees sticky valves.

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IN mid-January the Seftons had a visit from a Las Vegas police officer, who informed them that they had been notified about an incident involving Walter that had taken place in Glendale in December.

"What sort of incident?" Mr. Sefton asked as the police officer paused, staring apprehensively at Mrs. Sefton who sat slimply in the chair.

Mrs. Sefton murmured, "Walter's a good boy! He's easily influenced, but he's good!"

Now the details of events which took place during Walter's visit to Los Angeles were related to them by the policeman—details which were a matter of police record in Glendale and Los Angeles.

Walter had not been alone on the trip to see the specialist. By his own admission he had taken along a pal —a Las Vegas bartender named Claude Franklin Snipes. The thirty-six-year-old Snipes had been fired from the Las Vegas Fire Department for drinking, had worked as a bartender, then decided to join the Marines. He had hitched with Walter a ride for that purpose.

They left Las Vegas on December 9th. On the 11th, Glendale police had stopped the Rambler station wagon as it lurched from side to side on a busy street. Walter was driving, and was alone in the car. He was drunk. The arresting officer had taken him to the Glendale police headquarters.

They examined papers in Walter's pockets, all of which bore the name Claude Franklin Snipes. Labels in Walter's suit also carried that name. When questioned (because he had given the name of Walter Horace Sefton when stopped by the officer) Walter grinned. "Say, I forgot. Me and Claude got drunk and we did a lot of crazy things, like changing clothes, just for the heck of it. I guess all my stuff is still in the pockets of my suit, which Claude is wearing."

But Walter insisted he had no idea where Claude was. "Claude rode with me to L. A. to join the Marines. He waited for me in a bar—or he was supposed to—while I went for my appointment with the doctor. But when I went back to the bar to pick him up he was gone."

The Glendale police checked Walter Sefton's story about his appointment, and the doctor's nurse verified that Walter had kept the appointment. She also testified that Walter had obviously been drinking. When asked about what he was wearing she described the suit which bore Claude Snipes' name.

The police further checked the bar where Walter had left Snipes, but they didn't get much information there.

A check with the Marine recruiting stations failed to show any record of an enlistee named Claude Snipes.

THEN, the day after Walter Sefton was arrested in Glendale—and while he was still being held—the proprietor of a cheap hotel on East Fifth Street in Los Angeles' Skid Row section, called police to report a dead tenant.

"One of our tenants heared a fellow moaning and groaning in the room and asked us to investigate," the hotel man reported. "When we opened the door we found this man who had registered as Claude Snipes rolling on the floor, having convulsions. I called the ambulance [illegible] by the time it arrived the fe[illegible]as dead."

The homicide men found that the dead man, who had registered as Claude Snipes, wore clothing which contained papers with Walter Horace Sefton's name. They also found an empty wine bottle and two dirty glasses, one of them containing some smelly dregs, and on the bureau an opened package of pest poison which contained nicotine.

An autopsy on the dead man brought out the fact that he had died of nicotine poison. The time of death was a matter of record for it had been witnessed by the hotel manager.

When it was definitely established that Snipes had died while Walter Sefton was locked in Glendale police station, Walter was released and allowed to go back home to Las Vegas. He had been held on a drunken driving charge and paid a fine for that offense.

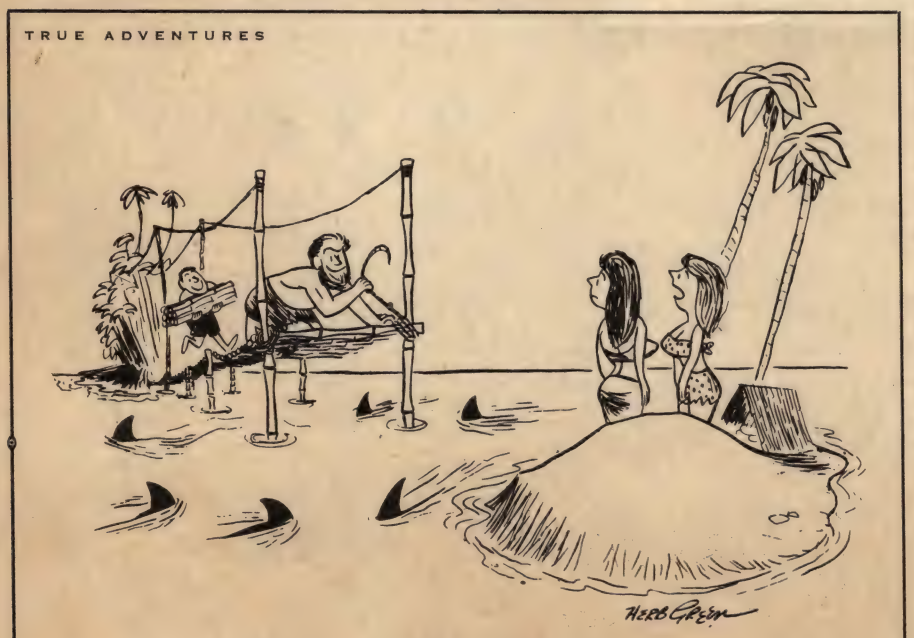
A check of fingerprints in the room where Claude Snipes died revealed his own on the bottle and glasses. There were none that fitted Walter Sefton's. Therefore, it was concluded that Snipes had killed himself in a state of alcoholic melancholia. And Walter's account of changing clothing for a gag was accepted as the truth.

Mr. Sefton then asked why they were looking for Walter.

"It's about something that took place here in Las Vegas, sir," the officer said. "Right about the time Walter came back from Los Angeles. We went to the garage where Walter's been working, to ask him some questions, but they told us Walter hasn't been on the job since Christmas."

"We don't know where Walter is," Mr. Sefton said quietly. "He left the house to go to work the day after Christmas. We haven't heard from him since."

ON February 16th Walter Sefton was arrested in Flint, Michigan by police who were investigating the burglary of a hamburger stand. He



"Good heavens, Gloria, they're ex-Seabees!"

had been working at a warehouse next door, and witness had seen him near the stand the night it was robbed.

Walter Sefton's fingerprints were checked and a long list of crimes was revealed.

Walter was impressed by the kindness of Flint police. They brought him his favorite food and cigarettes, and they saw that he had hot coffee when he asked for it and they'd sit around talking with him in casual, friendly manner. Walter admitted the burglary of the hamburger stand.

They made a record of his confession. Then, as they were about to leave his cell Walter said, "Don't go, fellows. You've been good to me, and I want to tell you about something else I done. I know they'll get me for it sooner or later and I'd like you boys to get credit for it because you've been so swell to me."

Walter Sefton then quietly confessed to the murder of Jackie Kelly.

"I WAS returning from Los Angeles," he recounted. "It was December eighteenth. I'd been drinking because my leg hurt me. I saw Jackie walking along the street. I'd seen her around, but I'd never been with her . . ."

Then he went on to tell about stopping the car and offered her a lift. She asked Walter to buy her some wine and suggested they could have a "party."

Walter was returning home with practically no money, but he had enough for a large bottle of cheap port. With the liquor in the station wagon they drove out into the desert.

The Queen of Skid Row quenched her avid thirst, then she let Walter make love. As darkness fell the wine gave out.

"Get some more," Jackie insisted, "and I'll stay out here with you all night."

Walter drove back to town, borrowed a few dollars from a friend and bought some more wine. Then he and Jackie drove back to the desert. Nobody had seen her because she was asleep in the back of the station wagon.

They proceeded to drink up the second bottle, which was followed by more lovemaking. Finally, when the bottle was empty Jackie demanded more, otherwise Walter should drive her back to town.

"I saw red when she called me a cheap skate," Walter told the officers.

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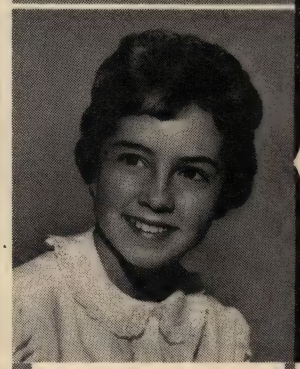

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She said if I didn't get some more wine for her she'd tell the cops I raped her. I saw red then, and began beating her. I dragged her out of the car and knocked her down. Then I pulled my knife and began to cut . . ."

Walter Sefton insisted he'd blacked out. Then he came to when the woman lay at his feet . . . bleeding and dead.

He'd tossed away his knife, got into the station wagon and drove home. It was late and his parents were asleep. He put the soiled clothing in a package and hid it in a closet. Then he went to bed.

He knew that Las Vegas police would find the body eventually, and the empty wine bottles, and then they'd make the rounds of liquor stores to check on wine sales. He knew that it would be a matter of time until his name came up. He had bought the first bottle in broad daylight and Jackie was sitting in the front seat of the station wagon outside the store.

In his mind he had gone over the details and considered the possibilities over and over. He had never before committed such a vicious crime and he was shocked at himself and a little frightened. It didn't occur to him to do anything about the body lying there in the desert, or to go back and get the bottles and his knife. He just sat at home and waited. Then, on Christmas Day, he heard the broadcast.

The next day Walter had quietly left town and kept going until he reached Flint, Michigan, where he got a job. He knew that, as they always had, his parents would protect him. They would not report his disappearance to the police.

WALTER Sefton waived extradition and went back to Las Vegas, where he coöperated freely with the police, signing a confession to the murder of Jackie Kelly. The Seftons obtained the best lawyer available for the defense of their good little "Bad Boy," and the trial was set for December 6th, 1954.

On December 5th, the day before he was to be tried for the murder of Jackie Kelly, Walter "Bad Boy" Sefton and the other two prisoners mugged the jailer. As he bent over to examine the lock on their cell, Walter's "roommates" grabbed him and pulled him against the bars while Walter knocked him out with the padlock. The three prisoners escaped.

Before leaving the jail they forced the other inmates to hand over their money.

There were witnesses outside the court house who saw them jump into a car which was parked at Second and Carson Streets—and driven by a teen-age girl. It headed north at top speed.

The jailer, who was revived eventually, recalled that a twenty-two-year-old girl had been put in a cell adjoining Sefton's the previous night, on a vagrancy charge. He reported that she apparently knew Walter Sefton and they had talked at length. The kind-hearted jailer had not bothered them, figuring it was little enough solace to the boy who would, in another day, go on trial for murder.

The girl had been released the following morning. Apparently she got a car and returned by appointment to wait outside the court house. It was a Sunday afternoon when the streets were empty of the usual traffic.

The getaway was a success.

But late Sunday two women prospectors returned to town and reported to police that they had seen three men and a black-haired girl hiking up in Frenchman Mountain, five miles north of town.

AN armed posse was sent out to search the mountain. It was two A.M. when Police Sergeant Paul DeWeert and a newspaper reporter caught the smell of smoke from a campfire. With the aid of flashlights they picked up fresh footprints which led them to a deserted mine. Inside the entrance they found the three prisoners and the girl sound asleep. Around the smoldering fire there were empty liquor bottles.

The four were drugged from sleep, liquor and exhaustion and were too groggy to put up a fight.

A few hours later Walter "Bad Boy" Sefton went on trial for murder in the first degree.

The trial lasted only a few days, with the jury deciding, on December 9th that Walter Sefton was guilty of first degree murder. He was sentenced to die in the gas chamber at Carson City. ■

"She was owned by an old, retired sultan who used her only for a bit of hand-holding on weekends."

JUST ASK AN EXPERT

continued from p. 8

QUESTION: *(From Mr. Raymond Gwaltney, Genoa, Ill.)*

I like to hike, both as a form of physical exercise and as a method of gaining a spiritual buoyancy from nature. My other interests include cultural anthropology and philosophy.

My present goal is to combine these interests in some type of undertaking, and so I am considering a trip to Mexico City, where I can visit the Mexican National Museum of Anthropology and pursue a study of the country's ancient civilizations.

I'd like to make the journey on foot, and with this idea in mind I have written various organizations for information concerning overnight sleeping accommodations in the southwestern sector of the country.

However, I have been told that if I attempt this journey on foot, I will be charged with vagrancy.

I am somewhat hesitant about taking a bus or train, since such vehicles would deprive me of the experiences that are an integral part of hiking.

Any additional information that you can send to me will be greatly appreciated.

ANSWER: (From N. Ford, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant)

There's no doubt that you may be questioned during a walking trip. But it is my belief that if you are properly documented and paying your own way, you should not encounter undue difficulties. However, if you were hitchhiking, the story might be different. At least, within these United States. Just exactly how you would fare inside Mexico is more than I can say. All travelers run into the occasional scrape. But I think you would be permitted to make your own way around provided you make it quite clear why you choose to walk instead of ride.

Personally, I suggest that you cover the major part of your trip by bus or train, then spend time thoroughly exploring a specific region.

After you cross the border you will find that some of the most fascinating walking country and the finest Indian country occurs in southern Mexico. However, I would not recommend walking the desert highways that cross northern Mexico although there are numerous Indian locales off the beaten path which can only be discovered if you travel on foot or by burro.

Best wishes on your travels and do let us know how you succeed.

QUESTION: *(From Mr. Patrick Tully, New York, N.Y.)*

I would like you to give me as much information as possible concerning the courses studied at the New Jersey State Police Academy. I would also like to know how many times per year their mental examination is given. Thank you for your trouble.

ANSWER: (By Francis H. Bent, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant)

You must have found an old copy of ADVENTURE. I haven't been covering the State Police for nearly three years—ever since a series of heart attacks forced me to cut down the extra volume of work.

You may possibly be able to get the information you wish about the New Jersey State Police by writing to: Superintendent, Division of State Police, Department of Law & Public Safety, State House, Trenton, New Jersey.

QUESTION: *(From Nellie Gallery, Saginac, Mich.)*

I wonder if you have any information on "buried treasure" in Michigan? My brothers and I were planning on getting a treasure detector and trying to find some relics, but it would be nice to find some buried treasure. I would appreciate any information you could send me.

ANSWER: (From Thomas Schultheiss, TRUE ADVENTURES Consultant)

There are treasures in Michigan—the silver mines of the Lake of Clouds area, the fortune of Francois Fontenoy on Presque Island in Detroit, Cat Head Point near Northport where the loot from the Chicago fire is thought to be buried, and various others.

For further details I suggest you consult your local library for books on treasure hunting. I recommend F. L. Coffman's "1001 Lost, Sunken and Buried Treasures."

Regarding any other general information on treasure hunting, contact Foul Anchor Archives, Rye, N.Y. Enclose 10¢ for their latest catalogue on treasure hunting, which lists books and maps available for purchase.

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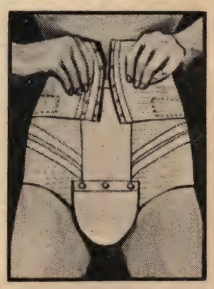

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QUESTION: *(From James S. Lockett, Jr., Box 10421, USAF Hospital, Maxwell AFB, Alabama).*

I am shortly to be discharged from the Air Force and have decided to try my luck at skin diving for gold in the California streams. By this I mean dredging the bottom of rivers and streams for gold nuggets and dust.

I have read numerous articles on the subject and have decided that it can be a profitable hobby or business.

I would like to know just where the best spots are and what would be the most profitable way to go about it. Also I will have only a small amount of money to invest, about $150 $200.

I would also like your honest opinion of this endeavor and what my chances are of "striking it rich."

Any consideration you give this inquiry will be greatly appreciated.

ANSWER: (From Thomas Schultheiss, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT)

I regret to advise you that your chances of making anything big in the California gold streams are rather slim. I would not advise you put hard earned money into the venture like that, and have no information as to where the best spots are. If you are still interested in following up on this, however, I suggest you write to Skin Diver Magazine, Dept. TD., Lynwood, Calif. They have had a few articles in past about underwater gold prospecting which might help you make up your mind one way or the other.

If you want to put the two hundred into a somewhat better investment, but still in the treasure line, I suggest a locator.

Check the classified columns of the mechanics magazines for the name of companies.

Write to Foul Anchor Archives, Vale Place, Rye, N. Y., enclose 10¢ for their latest treasure catalogue listing books and maps on lost, sunken and buried treasure.

Best of luck to you in your future quest. ■

"Never mind my wife—find me this one!"

"QUEEN"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

excerpts—startlingly dramatic proof that truth is stranger than fiction—are part of the real-life story of Elagabalus, twenty-fifth Emperor of Rome, whose unbelievable reign spanned the years 218-222 A.D.

By the beginning of the third century, Rome's decline had already begun. She was still the world's most powerful state, but soft living, moral decay, and misrule by such monsters as Nero, Caligula, and Commodus had taken its toll of her vitality.

Her legions were still formidable but as love of luxury sapped the ancient Roman virtues, watchful barbarians were growing bolder. Rome's downward progress in the early third century can be compared to a landslide in its initial stages. It remained for Elagabalus to transform the landslide into an avalanche.

Rome's most catastrophic ruler was born in Syria in 203. His given name was Varius Avitus and his lineage aristocratic, as he was related to the imperial family both "officially" and "unofficially."

Officially, he was the great-nephew of Emperor Septimius Severus (193-211) and cousin of his son and successor, Emperor Caracalla (211-217).

Unofficially, in one of these situations so typical of imperial Roman family life, his cousin was actually his father.

Historians agree on this point for three compelling reasons. First, the future emperor's father of record, a Syrian priest named Varius Marcellus, died of old age shortly after the boy's birth. Second, the boy's mother, Soaemias, never made any secret of the fact that Caracalla was her lover and they were prevented from marrying only by the stern Roman injunction against incestuous alliances between first cousins.

Third, there was a striking physical resemblance between Caracalla and Elagabalus, a resemblance that could only exist between father and son.

Caracalla was an interesting figure in his own right. He came to power on the death of Severus as co-emperor with his younger brother Geta, but divided rule was intolerable to one of Caracalla's smoldering ambi-

tion and he stabbed Geta to death with his own hand.

Caracalla was as brutal a tyrant as Nero or Commodus but in one significant way he differed from despots of the past. Where the others added pomp and lavish ostentation to autocratic rule, Caracalla made a cult of rough speech, eccentric behavior, barbarian dress, and complete informality in relations with his associates and hangers-on.

Half Hitler and half hipster, he ruled like a dictator but lived like a beatnik. Caracalla's eccentricity finally gave way to lunacy and he began to have delusions that he was Alexander the Great. In imitation of the mighty Macedonian, Caracalla led an army against the Persians in 216. After a year of indecisive campaigning he was stabbed to death in a roadside ditch, victim of several of his closest associates who had been driven by Caracalla's madness to fear for their lives.

Heading the plot against the beatnik tyrant was Opellius Macrinus, Caracalla's pretorian prefect, who succeeded him as emperor. In his own way, Macrinus was as atypical a ruler as Caracalla, for Rome's new emperor was a Negro, the first and only of his race ever to sit on the throne of the Caesars.

Macrinus had begun life under the humblest circumstances—his ear was pierced at birth in accordance with African tribal custom—but he was an able man and had risen fast in the Roman system.

He started his career as a provincial lawyer, became a civil official in Rome, and finally won the coveted position of praetorian prefect, second most powerful post in the empire.

But it was Macrinus' shortcomings as a soldier that caused his downfall.

The war against the Persians—instigated by Caracalla—was still going on. In the summer of 217 Roman armies under Macrinus suffered a disastrous defeat and Macrinus was forced to make a humiliating peace. This dealt such a blow to his prestige that Caracalla's surviving relatives were able to start an insurrection against him.

These were three women: Soaemias, Caracalla's kissing cousin, Maesa, her mother, and Mamaea, her sister.

As emperor, they proclaimed the oldest male member of the family, fourteen year old Varius Avitus. To

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banish any doubt about the real relationship between Avitus and his natural father, the women paraded the boy on the city wall of the garrison town of Emesa, in plain view of all the soldiers and displayed busts and other likenesses of Caracalla at the same age.

The resemblance quickly convinced the Emesa garrison and to a man they joined the uprising against Macrinus. Other garrisons were quick to follow suit and on June 8, 218, the insurgents met and defeated forces loyal to Macrinus; the emperor himself fled the battlefield when all appeared lost but was later captured and killed.

AVITUS marched in triumph to Rome and on being crowned emperor, took the name by which history remembers him.

The original Elagabalus was a Syrian sun god and the boy emperor—through old Avitus, his legal father—had been brought up as a priest in his service.

It must be admitted that whatever his other faults, Elagabalus remained a fanatical follower of his namesake god. His first act on assuming power was to move a black stone, the most sacred object of the Sun God's religion, from Syria to Rome. Next, he built an ornate temple to the divine Elagabalus on Palatine Hill, sacred to the old Roman gods, and in effect promoted him to the most powerful god in the Empire.

Ancient Rome had many religions and Elagabalus, unlike other religious tyrants, did not deny the existence of other dieties. Instead, he hit on the novel idea of integrating them into the Sun God's cult, but in subordinate capacities. As the emperor saw it, the divine Elagabalus ruled over a celestial palace, with other gods and goddesses all forming part of his household.

Major gods served as chamberlains and privy counselors, minor gods as valets, cooks, and bath attendants, and goddesses as maids and concubines.

No diety was exempted from the system, including figures sacred to the Christians and Jews. Moses, the Lawgiver, functioned as a legal clerk and Jesus was pressed into service as palace carpenter.

But finally the emperor went too far. Deciding it was high time for the Sun God to settle down and get married, he performed a symbolic ceremony between him and Vesta, Roman goddess of purity.

The "wedding" aroused a furor among tradition-minded Romans; Vesta and her earthly followers, the Vestal Virgins, were the Roman equivalent of nuns, bound by eternal vows of chastity.

Uproar over this sacrilege was so widespread that the emperor hurriedly backed down, divorced Elagabalus and Vesta, and remarried the Sun God to a goddess named Urania.

Elagabalus was probably the biggest spender in history. Hearing that Nero never travelled, even for the shortest distances, with less than five-hundred carriages, Elagabalus topped him with six hundred.

And then there were his banquets. Setting a lavish table has been a mark of every host with the most, or hostess with the mostest, from Maecenas to Perle Mesta; but compared with Elagabalus all others seem like supervisors of a Salvation Army soup kitchen.

A feast at the Imperial Palace averaged twenty-two courses and usually took up an entire day; this is not surprising in view of the fact that guests were encouraged between courses to retire to private rooms for pleasures of a more intimate nature.

The cuisine featured such items as camels' heels, cocks' combs, tongues of peacocks and nightingales, flamingo brains, private parts of elephants, viscara of mullets, partridge eggs, and heads of parrots and pheasants. Nor was Elagabalus a piker when it came to entertainment; in one staggering feat, he drained all the water in Rome's canals in preparation for a naval spectacle and filled them up again—*with wine!*

When Macrinus first heard of the rising against him, he protested that his rival was not only a mere boy but mad to boot. It is hard to find fault with his reasoning. To grotesque religious observances and unbridled extravagance, Elagabalus added a pattern of personal behavior as kooky as any ever witnessed on the happiest of happy farms. Consider his method of transportation. Disdaining the conventional horse, he would have his chariots pulled through the streets of Rome alternately by stags, tigers, elephants, and large dogs. And one day he outdid himself by appearing naked in a wheelbarrow; his "beasts of burden," also completely nude, were two beautiful slave girls.

ON the less pleasant side, the Emperor's eccentricity had a morbid quality and he took a sick delight in freaks and deformities. At banquets, it was his custom to fill couches that fitted eight guests apiece with eight one-legged men, eight one-eyed men, eight giants, eight dwarfs, eight thin men, eight fat men, etc.

But it is for his sex life that Elagabalus' name will forever be recorded on the roster of infamy.

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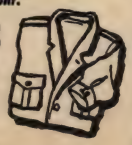

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In spite of his youth, full documentation of the boy-emperor's depravity would probably defy the combined efforts of Freud, Kraft-Ebbing, Havelock Ellis, and Kinsey. Reliable historical sources reveal Elagabalus to have been simultaneously a passive homosexual, an exhibitionist, a sadist, a masochist, a voyeur, and a transvestite. In fact, he seems to have experienced every variety of sex activity but the normal one.

If there is a consistent pattern emerging from Elagabalus' actions, it was his conviction that Nature, by making him a woman in a man's body, had made a horrible mistake, a mistake he devoted his entire life trying in vain to correct. We have mentioned his attempt to be made into a woman; prior to that, the emperor had had himself depilated and castrated. Depilation must have been particularly painful because, for all his effeminacy, Elagabalus was naturally hairy and early likenesses show him full-bearded at fourteen.

Surprisingly, Elagabalus married six times but a logical explanation is provided by the Roman historian Dio Cassius who writes: "It was not that he had any need of them (women) himself but simply that he wanted to imitate their actions when he would let with his male lovers."

Elagabalus was so eager for male companionship that he would frequently send agents prowling through gymnasiums, barracks, and seamen's taverns in search of men who were pleasing to him.

Nor were all the emperor's antics confined to the palace. We have mentioned how Elagabalus enjoyed exhibiting himself as a female prostitute in Rome's brothels; he eventually became such an authority on the profession that he would deliver lectures to the prostitutes guild.

The emperor was so steeped in sex perversion that it dominated his entire life. So fully did Elagabalus play his role that he was not content with merely "doing" and "being done to"—he was a "viewer" and "dresser" as well. His addiction to female dress grew so strong that in time he would wear the imperial toga only on the most formal state occasions—and reluctantly even then. The rest of the time he would parade in the streets as a woman of fashion, a goddess, a prostitute, or in whatever feminine attire his whim of the moment dictated.

Since many of the emperor's practices were ludicrous, his entire career might have come under the heading of comedy had not he possessed, like many sexually twisted individuals, a strong sado-masochistic streak. At times his cruelty was so fiendish that, as part of his religious observances, he would have young boys mutilated before offering them as human sacrifices to the Sun God. On other occasions, when the masochistic tendency prevailed, Elagabalus liked to stage scenes featuring himself in the role of an unfaithful wife—his current "husband" would give him a merciless beating while the emperor squealed with delight.

THAT Rome was able to put up with a ruler like Elagabalus for four years is a clear indication of how

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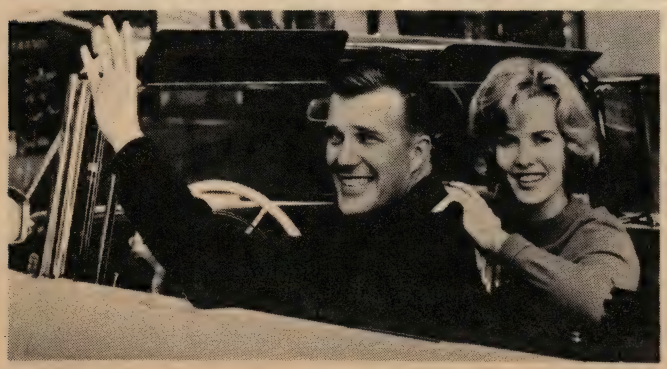

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far she had fallen since her days of glory. But even the corrupt Rome of the third century finally rebelled against further rule by a teenage monster of perversion. Opposition to Elagabalus centered around his fourteen year old first cousin, Alexander Severus, son of Mamaea, his mother's sister. In spite of the close relationship, Alexander was as different from his cousin as day from night and had all the virtues of good moral character, patriotism, and devotion to Rome's welfare that Elagabalus lacked. Alexander was so popular that Elagabalus, was reluctantly compelled to name him his heir apparent.

By the end of 221, the emperor had become so jealous of Alexander's prestige that he stripped him of all honors and ordered mud smeared on his statues—a custom with tyrants. Alexander's downgrading was announced by the emperor on January 1, 222, in his New Year's Day address to the Senate.

This act aroused such outrage that a band of soldiers broke into the palace and forced the thoroughly frightened emperor to restore all Alexander's honors and reinstate him as heir apparent. The soldiers also extracted promises of moral reform and made Elagabalus dismiss all his unsavory favorites.

But the emperor's "reformation" was short-lived. After a lifetime of depravity and abandon, he found normal living unendurable. Within a few weeks he was up to his old tricks again. Not only did he return to his former style of living but also he resumed plotting against Alexander.

This time he sent assassins to murder his cousin. Luckily, they were driven off by troops loyal to Alexander.

When the senate protested this monstrous deed, Elagabalus expelled the lawmakers from Rome in a body.

These rash acts sealed Elagabalus' doom. All Rome rose against him, including two of the three women who had engineered his drive to power. Joining Mamaea, Alexander's mother, was Maesa, grandmother of the two boys. Only Soaemias remained loyal.

A few weeks after their first assault, troops once again stormed the palace. This time there was no reprieve. Shrieking with terror, Elagabalus locked himself in a closet but was promptly dragged forth and cut down by a dozen swords. Also a victim of the soldiers' eager blades was Soaemias, slain as mercilessly as her son.

Rome's barbarian enemies in the early third century may have been uncouth, but they were not stupid. Observing the reign of Elagabalus, they must have deduced that an empire willing to submit to four years of domination by an effeminate, pleasure-crazed boy was ripe for the taking. The mighty Rome of Pompey, Caesar, and Augustus died when Elagabalus wrote its swansong—the ballad of a teenage "queen." ■

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WOMAN HATER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the sexual relationship is abhorrent to one or both parties. Cynical remarks about the "Ball and Chain" and the "Battle of the Sexes" are commonplace. Facts like these should lead every man, whether married or not, to ask himself the all-important question:

"Am I woman hater, and if so—why!"

Later in this article, clues to the answer will be given. First, however, let us survey the career of a man who might be called "the champion woman hater of all time." He was never physically violent toward women—in fact he professed a kindly feeling for them. But he was a woman hater all the same, and a particularly vicious one—as mentally twisted as Adolf Hitler, who proclaimed that woman's greatest privilege was to bear children.

His name was Arthur Schopenhauer, born in 1788 of well-to-do parentage. His father was a successful businessman, and his mother a talented novelist.

The parents, however, did not get along well, perhaps because of a conflict of wills, or a disparity in ages. Herr Schopenhauer was much older than his wife. They quarreled frequently and bitterly.

While Arthur was still a youth his father committed suicide, and the boy left home, refusing to have anything further to do with his mother.

Thus the torture in his soul was plain. He was afraid of being hurt by women—which in essence is the secret of all misogynists—yet he was physically attracted by them.

"He was highly sexed and much enamored of feminine companionship," wrote one biographer. But he would drop a woman as soon as he felt he was in danger of liking her too much — a typical misogynist escape.

Like Casanova and Don Juan, he was a heartbreaker. The only creatures he was able to trust were his poodles, because he knew that they could never dominate him.

SCHOPENHAUER was a writer and philosopher concerned with many subjects, on which he was almost invariably pessimistic—another trait of

the woman hater. He described women as the *sexus sequior* or "second sex," and he lambasted them unmercifully in his best-known essay, titled simply *"Of Women."* Its pages drip with a hypnotized fascination, much like that of a bird for a snake, revealing all too clearly that had he been the product of happier parentage he might have been one of the world's greatest admirers of women. This morbid fascination is typical of misogynists, even of those who wouldn't make love to a woman for a king's ransom.

Schopenhauer insisted that the female's principal goal in life was to ensnare the male. Of young girls, he wrote bitterly that Nature endowed them with "a wealth of beauty . . . so that during those years they may capture the fancy of some man to such a degree that he is hurried away into undertaking the honorable care of them, in some form or other, as long as they live—a step for which there would not seem to be sufficient warranty if reason alone directed his thoughts."

A comment from a normal man might be as follows: He is never lured into marriage, by female sex appeal alone. That is merely one facet of a woman's attractions which could balance the scales one way or another.

Schopenhauer also felt that young girls have little interest in "domestic affairs or work of any kind"—an assertion that doesn't make sense to millions of normal males and females alike. He went on to say that: "The only business that really claims their earnest attention is love, making conquests, dress, dancing, and so on."

Concerning the intellect of woman, Schopenhauer had only scorn. While admitting that they were fitted to act "as nurses and teachers of our early childhood," he added that this was due to the fact that they were also "themselves childish, frivolous and shortsighted. Big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown man."

ALTHOUGH infidelity has always been a more pronounced trait in males than in females, Schopenhauer denied this, accusing women of being inclined to unfaithfulness by nature and possessing conscience that "do not trouble them so much as we fancy."

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If he did not think much of the fidelity of women toward their men he thought even less of their loyalty toward their own sex. The natural feeling between them he described as "actual enmity." The reason for this is that trade-jealousy, which in the case of men, does not go beyond the confines of their particular pursuit, but with women embraces the whole sex, since they have only one kind of business.

"Even when they meet in the street, women look at one another like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines and exchange of compliments between them is a more ridiculous proceeding than between two men. They are interested in only one consideration: With which man have they found favor?

"Hence deception is innate in woman, and is as highly developed in the stupid as in the clever. . . . A woman who is perfectly truthful is an impossibility."

Finally the great Superman accused women of seeing and understanding only that "which is directly under her nose" and of believing that men were created solely to support them.

"In their hearts," he declared, "women think that it is man's business to earn money and theirs to spend it—if possible during their husband's life, but, at any rate, after his death."

This is certainly a sweeping indictment of the distaff side! There is considerable truth in this philosophy. But the point is, it is possible for any prejudiced person to belittle practically anything under the sun, merely by stressing characteristics of which the person disapproves and, ignoring characteristics of which the person approves, or should approve! We see this when any important issue is being debated, when proponents of one side juggle the facts to support their argument and proponents of the other side do the same thing in reverse. We see it constantly in the advertising pitch for merchandise sold on a competitive basis.

What Schopenhauer was doing was making an advertising pitch in favor of the male sex by belittling the females.

If Schopenhauer and his cohorts down the ages had bothered to inves-

tigate the reasons why women differ psychologically from men, they would have been performing an honest service to both sexes. But they had no intention of doing that. Instead, they wanted to perpetuate the doctrine of male supremacy—just as Hitler and others have tried to create and perpetuate doctrines of blood superiority. And they succeeded so well that they had not only the men but the girls fooled for many thousands of years.

WHERE all these fellows were wrong was in that they failed to recognize that neither man nor woman is the superior sex, but the two sexes are equal and complementary. Nor did they admit that the deviousness, pre-occupation with courtship and "getting and holding a man, extreme concern over security, and sex rivalry were direct results of the subordinate position in which men hold women, and the enforced dependence of women on men.

These traits are not peculiar to the female sex. They appear in the male sex when men are in the power of others. If any female can be trickier than a man who's out to curry favor with his male superior, it's news to this writer.

Schopenhauer stressed the single-mindedness and tenacity of women as detrimental characteristics. And it is quite true that men, by comparison, are more inclined than women to grow dissatisfied with their lot, discard wives, switch from job to job, and just drop everything and go adventuring. Females are the opposite, for a very good reason; they are saddled with the bearing and rearing of children.

For the same reason, the female-human and other species—is a more formidable antagonist than the male when security is threatened.

As Dr. Mark Sweitzer has noted, "In the animal world, the female attacks first and most furiously. . . ."

It is obvious, therefore, that the man who secretly wants to be an irresponsible roamer should steer clear of serious commitments with women. If he marries and backslides his wife is likely to make his life a hell. Actually he's a woman hater, for willingness to work and not just play for a while at marriage is basic in the real he-man. And the he-man is also willing to let his wife dominate the home.

It's her sphere of greatest competency, and he admits it.

Schopenhauer whined of the talent of wives at getting control of the family finances. Here again he was twisting an asset into a liability. Females are far better hoarders and penny-pinchers than men and can make a dollar go farther—as honest husbands will admit. The reason American women control the spending of about eighty-five per cent of the nation's paycheck is not because of trickery on their part; it's because their men want them to handle the cash.

Schopenhauer also complained that women were not industrious. But industrial studies show they they are actually more productive than men, and less inclined to become irritable on routine jobs.

According to the Minnesota Clerical Tests women are consistently better than men on jobs that require quick recognition of small details and constant attention.

We could go on indefinitely about the psychological differences between the sexes, which are so consistent that intelligence tests have to be "rigged" so that items in which one sex is more proficient are offset by items in which the opposite sex excels.

However, they have become pretty well-known in recent decades, while the number of men who still prate "masculine superiority" is steadily decreasing. And the man who does is, again, probably a misogynist or at least absymally ignorant.

There are a great many ways in which the misogynist reveals his hatred.

Here are some of the most important ones:

UNWILLINGNESS to attempt to understand a woman's point of view. The underlying reason for this is, that the man is subconsciously afraid that the women may be right. This is a symptom of false pride, and false pride where sex is concerned is of course a symptom of sex fear.

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stands women knows they don't reason as men in many ways, and that as a consequence each sex is often bewildered by the thought processes of the other. When this happens the reaction is generally an amused and tolerant, "Oh, I give up!" It is never irritation, resentment, or rage.

Impatience over female preoccupation or "little details," such as matching colors, arranging furnishings and knicknacks just so. Wrapping presents prettily, and emptying ashtrays long before they are full. A normal man doesn't give a damn about these things, but he realizes that they are important to a woman, since they fulfill her urge to be constantly improving her nest.

Again, his reaction is merely tolerance.

Impatience with women who just can't seem to make up their minds "on minor matters" is a basic feminine trait, contrasting sharply with masculine stubbornness concerning matters men consider extremely important.

Resentment when a woman reveals that she wants a decision made for her. According to Mathias and Mathilde Vaerling, women are, by conditioning, bashful, fearful and dependent on males for guidance.

The confident male just simply loves this trait.

Reluctance to initiate courtship of lovemaking. The man who reveals this tendency is subconsciously doubtful of his own manliness, and is establishing an alibi in advance in case a romance or marriage is a failure. He is anticipating the day when he will be able to point out:

"It was you, not I, who started the whole thing."

The attitude that if a marriage fails, no great harm is done. A divorce can be obtained and both parties can try again with new partners. The man or woman who feels this way is extremely contemptuous of the opposite sex.

The urge to annoy and humiliate women in various ways, such as by keeping them waiting, or standing them up on dates, ostentatiously flirting with other women, and so on. In small boys this urge (expressed in such ways as by hair-pulling and teasing) is perfectly normal.

In adults it is a sign of emotional immaturity.

The urge to punish women harshly for minor errors of any sort. This reveals the desire to instill perfectionism in the opposite sex by vindictive action.

It also reveals sex cruelty.

From the above, it should be possible for the intelligent, objective man to determine whether or not he possesses misogynistest tendencies. If they seem present in more than a mild degree, consultation with some authority (as clerymen, sexologist, family doctor, or psychiatrist) appears advisable. For without help, the true woman hater is doomed to a life of increasingly severe frustration and unhappiness.

He is also certain to hurt at least one and most likely many women, and the probabilities are that his abnormal urges might eventually result in a grave tragedy. ■

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BLUE GHOST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

already streaked with the gray light of first dawn.

The ringing of hooves on the roadway sent him diving for the mouth of a narrow alley. Flattened against the side wall of a harness shop, he watched a contingent of Mosely's Cavalry ride by—lean, hard-bitten young wolves who would welcome the opportunity of shooting him down on sight.

Smiling grimly at the thought, he watched them beyond a bend in the road—a tall, powerful man whose bold features, though ravaged by four months of confinement in the dungeons of the fortress, still retained reckless good looks.

His narrow escape from the patrol emphasized the urgency of going into hiding before daylight.

Amongst all the inhabitants of Mobile, there was one person he might risk turning to for help.

Lilly Johnson was a former music hall queen who had become the madame of Mobile's most exclusive bordello.

Colonel Henson had spent a memorable month there with her before the war. She had reminded him of it in prison, with a perfumed, unsigned note and frequent small gifts of food.

It was a small chance that she would risk cetrain imprisonment for sheltering him because of a fleeting affair four years cold, but it was the only chance he had left.

Thirty minutes later, he was observing a white frame house from the shadows of a giant live-oak tree. It was located in a shabby, rundown neighborhood, sat well back from the street in the center of large, landscaped grounds. Although the dwelling was dark and quiet, the circular driveway held two saddle horses tethered to an ornate hitching rail, and a gleaming black broughan with a liveried coachman fast asleep on the high seat.

Carefully skirting the gravelled drive, Phil followed the side of the building to the big leaded windows of Lilly's ground-floor apartment. The heavy maroon draperies were half drawn back, and a low night light threw a soft glow on the canopied double bed. Making sure that it held a single occupant, Phil tapped softly on the window.

"Phil . . ."

With her dark red hair framing milk-white shoulders, and her round face drowsy with sleep, Lilly might have been sixteen. In truth she was nearer forty. Nearly as tall as he and magnificently proportioned, she stared at him through the window as at a figure newly risen from the grave.

She opened the window wide, never taking her eyes from his face.

"It's my life, Lilly," he said quietly.

She didn't answer at once, but stood and stared at the dripping rags that barely covered his rangy body, and the deep creases of strain in his lean face. Then, hesitantly, she ran her hand softly across the broad, barely-healed scar on the left side of his hard jaw.

"God, how they hate you, Phil," she whispered. "But damn their hate. I'm going to do what you want!"

Later, after he'd bathed and eaten she swept into the room on a wave of perfume, turned the lamp lower and came to him. For this one night at least Lilly Johnson would make him forget.

"It's been a long time, Phil," she whispered, reaching for him in the dark.

She was answered by a gentle snore. Unable to believe her senses, she sat up abruptly and stared incredulously at the peaceful, relaxed face on the pillow.

The notorious "Blue Ghost" whom Jeff Davis had sworn to hang with his own hands—now the object of the greatest manhunt in history—was asleep.

Aged thirty-six on that March night of 1864, Phillip Henson's spectacular success as a Union Spy had made him a legendary hero in the North, a devil to destroy in the South.

Among other espionage *coups* to his credit, he had penetrated inpenetrable Vicksburg for Grant and escaped with plans of the rebel fortifications and morale.

On another occasion, having been captured by fierce old Bedford Forrest, whose reputation for smelling out Union spies and hanging them out of hand had made him the terror of the Federal Secret Service, Henson proceeded to con the old gentleman so successfully that the general not only hired him to spy for the South but gave him enthusiastic letters of introduction to other Confederate commanders!

PHILLIP Henson was the result of a union between an itinerant medicine show huckster and the daughter of a "hell fire" Baptist preacher. He was born in northwestern Alabama in June, 1827,

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where Martha Henson had prevailed upon her wandering husband to try his hand at farming.

When Martha succumbed to typhoid fever some six years later, Father Henson promptly abandoned the homestead and resumed his feckless career as a dispenser of colored spring water with "miraculous properties for curing all human and animal ills."

Twenty-six years later, Phillip Henson rode into Corinth, Mississippi. He let it be noised around that he was well-heeled and in the market for an interesting business venture. After a few weeks he chose a cotton brockerage, bought a warehouse and several flatboats, and settled down to the task of becoming a prosperous and popular merchant of the community.

He came well equipped with the character traits to achieve his goal. It must be conceded that Henson, Senior hadn't been the best parent a small boy ever had, but neither was he the worst.

In a day when hard knocks took the place of formal schooling for most frontier youths, father Henson had helped young Phillip graduate at the top of his class.

Knocking about the country from one frontier town to the next; rubbing shoulders with hucksters and con men, gamblers and pimps, richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, Phillip had broadened and toughened physically and intellectually. From a skinny, wide-eyed boy, he had grown into a rugged, handsome man with the shrewdness of a horse trader, the tongue of an orator and the appearance and mannerisms of a plantation blueblood.

He was hell on horses, whiskey and women, and could outfight, outdrink and outtalk any three ordinary mortals. It was no wonder, then, that within a very short time after establishing himself in Corinth he was the most popular man in the county.

The outbreak of the Civil War created a time of decision for South and North alike. Particularly in the border states, men were forced to make a choice between a divided nation or one united. Phillip Henson never had any doubts. He elected to stay with the Union, and to take an active part in the great struggle.

On May 30, when General Halleck defeated Beauregard's Confederate's and occupied Corinth, Phil promptly wrote the victor, offering his services in any capacity the military saw fit.

Several weeks went by without an answer. Then, in full daylight and in the presence of half the population of Corinth, Phil was arrested on the main street by a Federal Army Patrol and hauled off, fighting mad, to Union Headquarters. Marched before a heavy-set man who identified himself as General Dodge, Chief of Secret Service, it was explained to Phil that his public arrest had been arranged to protect him from the suspicions of his neighbors.

Dodge was engaged in creating a network of spies and saboteurs for work behind Rebel lines. Having been informed of Phil's letter by General Halleck, he had thoroughly investigated his background and satisfied himself that the Southerner would be worth his weight in gold to the Union Secret Service.

His primary target was cotton. The

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Rebels controlled the Mississippi River between Vicksburg and New Orleans, and nearly a million bales lay along its banks, awaiting shipment to Europe, where it would buy desperately needed war materials for the Confederacy. The cotton must be burned, and Dodge wanted Phillip Henson to undertake the dangerous job.

Once he accepted the fact that he could contribute more to the Union war effort as a saboteur than a front-line soldier, he went about his task with characteristic determination and daring. He used his legitimate cover as a recognized cotton broker to announce that he had been retained to purchase 100,000 bales of cotton for an English textile syndicate. On July 16, with a crew of Northern sympathizers and two flatboats loaded to the cargo hatches with coal oil and gunpowder, he set out from Corinth toward New Orleans.

The technique of destruction was never varied. Henson would personally scout targets during the daylight hours, in his guise as cotton buyer. After dark he and his men would return to plant the coal oil and gunpowder and set the six-hour time—delayed fuses that would allow them to put distance between themselves and the flaming warehouses.

By picking targets that were far apart, by traveling only at night, he and his crew destroyed more than a quarter-million bales of cotton, and returned to Union Headquarters in Corinth without once coming under suspicion of Confederate officials.

General Dodge was so delighted by Phil's resourcefulness that he decided to assign him to the far more dangerous task of spying on Rebel military operations.

HENSON'S initial efforts as a spy were spectacularly successful. In November, 1861, Corinth was under heavy assault by numerically superior Rebel forces under General Price.

In a desperate attempt to sap the Rebel strength, Dodge sent Henson into the enemy camp to lure the Confederates into a Union trap. As bait, Phil carried doctored plans of the Federal fortifications; plans which revealed a supposedly weak sector ripe for a Rebel breakthrough.

Posing as a rabid Southern patriot Phil played his role so convincingly that Price swallowed the hook whole and threw his main attack into a massive Union crossfire which all but destroyed the Rebel army.

On a later assignment for Dodge, Phil was in upper Tennessee, trying to spy out the whereabouts of Rebel General Bragg. Armed as usual with "insurance"—false documents from Union Headquarters at Nashville, Phil was captured by a patrol of tough, battle-scarred troops of General Forrest's hard-riding Cavalry, and soon found himself being interrogated by fierce, spy-hating "Old Nat" himself.

The old man studied the phony documents, then turned a hard, crafty eye on the spy.

"These here papers come from Dodge's headquarters at Nashville, 'eh? When did you leave that fair city, Mister Henson?"

Smelling a trap, Phil sniffed cautiously at the question. Dodge had left Nashville on a secret mission two weeks previously, and Forrest had obviously gotten wind of it.

Gambling that the old man had exact information as to the whereabouts of the Union Secret Service Chief, he replied, calmly. "Couple of weeks before Dodge left for Georgia, I trailed him to Athens to get a line on the spies he figured to plant on General Price in Mississippi."

"Spies?" Forrest sniffed at the word like fox on the trail of a fat rabbit. "You're dead sure, *Mister?*"

"Certainly, General." Phil replied blandly. "Only didn't plant 'em on Price, but switched them to General Bragg's headquarters at Murfreesboro. I got a description of every man jack of 'em."

And Henson proceeded to describe six Union agents, all of whom had already been withdrawn from Murfreesboro after failing to carry out their assignments.

Forrest became so excited over the chance to hang six Yankee spies *en masse* that he forgot his suspicions regarding Phil Henson.

When the spy left camp the next morning, he carried a personal letter of introduction from Forrest to General Bragg, plus a ninety day pass that would allow him to wander at will anywhere in Confederate territory.

Phil used both documents to gather a windfall of information for Dodge, then quietly withdrew from Rebel territory and made his way back to Union headquarters to report to his chief.

By the spring of 1863, his adven-

tures with Rebel generals had made him Target One in the Deep South. From Tennessee to Alabama and Florida to Louisiana, Wanted Posters offered $1,000 Dead or Alive for the spy. General Dodge decided it was time to transfer Phil to another theater of operations.

It was almost at this precise time that General Ulysses S. Grant, preparing an all-out attack against Vicksburg, developed a pressing need for Phil's services. Grant's plan to capture the Rebel fortress was a fine one, if it succeeded, but the odds were none too good. To switch the odds to his favor he needed a spy who could penetrate the defenses of impregnable Vicksburg and return with a plan of its defenses and information regarding the true state of its strength and morale.

Phil, arriving at Grant's headquarters in early May, was briefed on the dangers and difficulties he would encounter, and was forced to admit that the job would be "delicate" in the extreme.

However, in his work behind enemy lines, the affable Phil had made countless friendly contacts. Uppermost in mind was Benny Sykes, a young, homesick trooper, whose three older brothers were fighting with Pemberton in Vicksburg, and whose jug-loving daddy and lonely, bored young wife, were waiting out the war in a backwoods cabin not thirty miles from the beleaguered city.

A jug of likker for pappy, moonlight and sweet nothings for Ruthie-May, thought Phil, might accomplish the necessary miracle. Arming himself with the corn squeezings, he hied himself downriver to the Sykes cabin.

In a day when it was the custom to offer a traveler the hospitality of hearth and bed, Phillip Henson had no trouble arranging to spend the night with old Pappy Sykes and his sloe-eyed daughter-in-law. Nor did Phillip, cutting a dashing, handsome figure of the New Orleans cosmopolite he professed to be, meet with much resistance in wooing the lonely Ruthie-May.

The next morning, over breakfast, Phil explained he was going to Vicksburg in search of a runaway kid brother, and suggested that Sykes accompany him with the purpose of visiting his sons. Ruthie-May, grasping at the chance to cement her relationship with Phil, strongly supported his suggestion, and before the sun rose over the horizon, all three were mounted and on their way.

So, Phillip Henson, the North's most notorious spy, rode boldly into Vicksburg in broad daylight, vouched for by Pappy Sykes and Ruthie-May, two staunch patriots with loved ones in the ranks of the Gray.

Sykes proved even more helpful in assisting Phil to get around the besieged city. His oldest son, a captain of General Pemberton's staff, wrangled a pass that allowed the old man to wander in and out of the fortifications at will while searching for his other sons.

Phil accompanied him, using his non-existent brother as his excuse.

In the course of a single week he managed to fix a complete plan of the fortifications in his mind. In the evenings, when he wasn't otherwise occupied with Ruthie-May, he strolled the streets and struck up ac-

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quaintances with the civilian population, taking careful mental note of everything he observed and heard.

Shortly thereafter, avoiding detection by artillerymen manning the river gun batteries, Phil stripped to his underwear and slipped quietly into the cold waters of the Mississippi, below the Vicksburg bluffs.

Swimming silently in the darkness, he caught the swift current offshore and let it snatch him downstream. Long before midnight he cleared the enemy fortifications and struck out for the friendly shore, where a Union patrol rushed him to Grant's headquarters.

There were other assignments after that, routine and uneventful, until Dodge reluctantly sent him up against an old, revengeful enemy—spy-hating Rebel, General Forrest. Rumors had it that Old Nat was building up his cavalry forces in preparation for one of his lightening-like raids on the Ohio Valley. Dodge needed to know the exact whereabouts of the old fire-eater and his plans.

Several days later, Henson rode into the outskirts of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where reports indicated the location of Forrest's Cavalry.

What the reports didn't indicate was the fact that the town was literally swarming with Old Nat's horsemen, a fact not appreciated by Henson until he rounded a bend in the road and came face to face with the same hard-riding veterans who had captured him at Shelbyville.

Recognition was mutually instantaneous, but Phil was the first to recover his senses. As the troopers went for their weapons, he jumped his horse over a split-rail fence and galloped toward the cover of thick woods. Midway across the field a volley of shots killed his horse and dumped him from the saddle. Phillip Henson, the elusive "Blue Ghost," had at last been brought to bay.

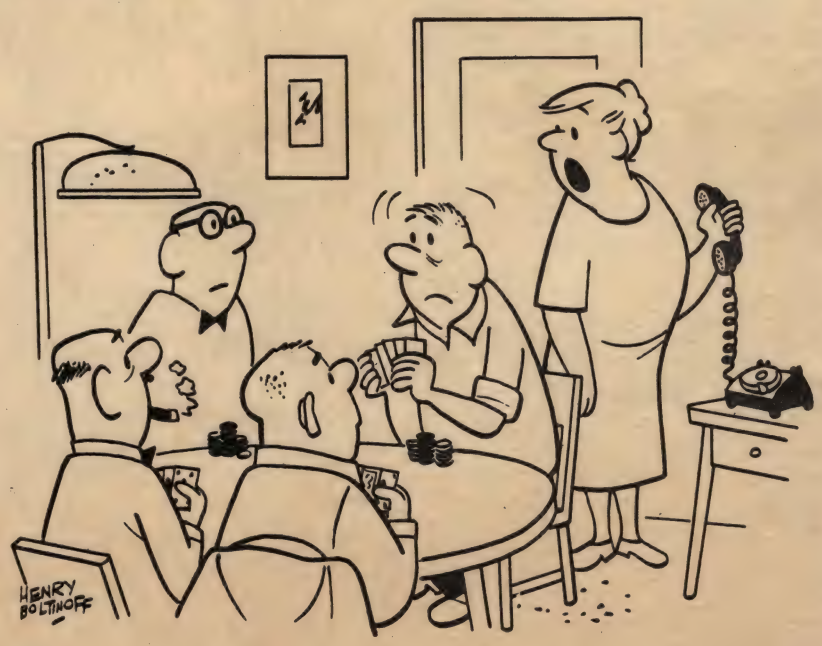
Hauled to Mobile in irons, he was confined to the medieval Hitchcock Press to await public trial, and certain execution.

Not having the patience to wait for the hangman, however, Henson throttled a night jailer and made his escape.

He hid out at Lilly Johnson's establishment for nearly a week, until word of his escape could be sent to Dodge and arrangements made to spirit him from Rebel territory. On the night of May 18th, he made his way to the banks of the Alabama River, where a Federal gunboat was waiting.

After the War, he returned to Corinth to publish a weekly newspaper. Oddly enough, his neighbors respected him for the part he had played in the South's defeat. So, Phillip Henson, master spy and hair-raising, devil-may-care adventurer, lived to die peacefully in his bed. ■

TRUE ADVENTURES



"It's for you, dear. Here, let me hold your four aces."

FREAKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

A great circus owner, Al G. Barnes, recalled her in his autobiography.

"Perhaps the greatest genuine freak in the world," he wrote, "was a woman with two bodies, both perfectly formed from the shoulders down. We found her in the backwoods of Texas where she was living with her husband and three children. Two of the children were born from one body and one from the other."

Sam Gumpertz, who imported more than three thousand freaks from abroad to exhibit at Coney Island from 1905 to 1930, characterized Myrtle Corbin as "the most interesting freak I have ever met."

She was on the Barnes Circus for years, touring with her husband, Clinton Bicknell, and their daughter Jean. Barnes gave the husband a job of collecting tickets at the main entrance to the big top. Other troupers kidded Clint as a "bigamist" and a "Mormon," but he took it good-naturedly.

The other day I got a letter from an Iowa woman who joined the Barnes show in 1913 and rode the lion wagon in countless street parades.

"Myrtle Corbin," she wrote, "was one person above the waist and two persons below, and both persons bore children. I remember that she had ruddy skin and wore a wig."

That strange lady piqued curiosity. Women, especially, flocked into the side-show tent in vast numbers to see her. She answered their questions frankly, apparently amused by them, and would let the women examine her in private.

"Being a small boy at the time, I never saw the extra body, which she usually kept hidden under a raglan, but I noticed that she walked with difficulty." This recollection came to me in a letter from another oldtimer who had known Myrtle Corbin, a Texan who used to be a neighbor of hers but asked me not to print his name. "She was born in Cleburne, Texas," he wrote, "and met Clint Bicknell when he was in show business at Coney Island. Later, their daughter became the wife of a Syrian fortuneteller. That, too, was a Coney Island romance."

The four-legged woman is sleeping out eternity in a Cleburne graveyard. She was buried, at her own request, in solid concrete and in a steel vault so that no one could dig up her body and display it again. Shortly before she died, the old trouper said, "I've been on display long enough in my lifetime."

In 1939 the Royal Arcanum Shows, a carnival outfit, toured Canada with a six-year-old girl from Georgia having an enlarged abdomen from which protruded a tiny living arm and two legs, the whole three perfectly formed, in addition to her normal arms and legs. She was bright and cheerful, could run, and often bent over to play jacks.

Rare indeed are such freaks. Hans Kaltenbrunn, born in 1566 near Strasburg, Germany, had a twin brother growing out of his belly, which he displayed in travelling shows.

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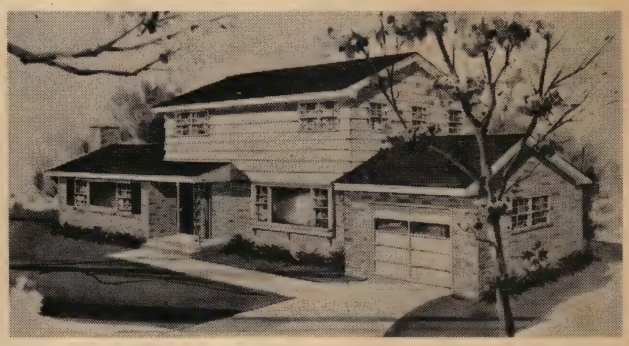

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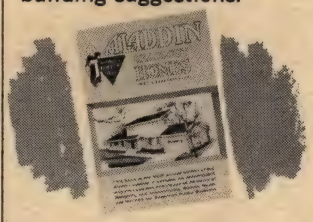

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Two modern cases were Piramel, billed by P. T. Barnum as "The Double-Bodied Hindoo Enigma," and Betty Lou Williams, a pretty Negress with a one-armed, two-legged, headless, tiny female body attached to the left side of her torso.

Even more remarkable was Jean Libbera, born in Rome in 1884 and exhibited by Barnum & Bailey in 1907. Attached to him was a parasitic little body named Jacques which even had a rudimentary head, for which Jean had a strange affection. Despite that encumbrance, he married and became the father of four normal children.

When twins are double-bodied, but each is self-functioning, they are called Siamese twins, from Chang and Eng, who were born in Siam in May, 1811. Very few such cases come into the world alive. The double fetus inside the womb is so complicated in shape that a fatal injury is almost inevitable. A doctor specializing in multiple births could not find proof that more than thirteen sets of Siamese twins ever existed. But the sturdy peasant mother of Chang and Eng said her twins were no great problem at the time of birth because they were tiny and the head of one was presented between the legs of the other.

Amazingly agile, they could walk or run swiftly and could swim as well as a single person. They often played chess but never with each other. That, they said, would be like pitting your right hand against your left. They were shrewd, too. Whenever they traveled by railway, only one bought a ticket. The frustrated conductor could not throw the other one off the train without also ejecting a passenger who had paid his fare.

Chang and Eng got along surprisingly well together. But Chang took to drink, which angered his teetotaler brother. In North Carolina they met and married two normal girls, Adelaide and Sarah Yates, daughters of a farmer-preacher, quit show business and went farming. They built separate houses for their wives and visited each one in turn for three-day periods.

Adelaide and Sarah must have loved them very much, for they had a total of twenty-two children. Their descendants include such eminent citizens as a railway president and a major general in the U.S. Air Force.

In 1874 Chang died of pneumonia. One of Eng's sons reported to his father, "Uncle Chang is dead." The family hurriedly sent out for a doctor in the hope that an operation might separate the twins and save Eng's life, but Eng died before help arrived.

A post-mortem showed that even if the operation had been performed it could not have been successful because the two livers were connected.

THE first Siamese twins recorded in medical history were Elizabeth and Mary Biddendorf, born in England in 1100. Their bodies were united at the hips, with two complete sets of viscera except for a single rectum, and but one arm apiece. Until their death at age thirty-four they were exhibited as the Biddendorf Maids at country fairs and miracle plays, a form of religious entertainment common in those days.

Josefa and Rosa Blazerk, born in Bohemia in 1878, also were joined together at the hips. Josefa had rudimentary female organs while her sister was normal. Rosa fell in love with a normal man and in course of time became pregnant. But when the lovers, with demure Josefa as a witness, sought a marriage license, the judge rejected them on the ground that any wedlock involving Siamese twins would be bigamous. Similar rulings kept the double-bodied Hiltons, Daisy and Violet, from being married in Chicago or New York, although they did win a Federal court decision permitting them to ride railroad trains for one fare.

Matrimonially speaking, the Filipino Siamese twins, Simplicio and Lucio Godina were luckier. They wed normal sisters, vaudeville partners with whom they danced and did some fancy roller-skating. In Manila, a cop wanted to arrest one of the twins for speeding, but couldn't figure how to do so without exposing himself to a charge of false arrest by the other. Lucio died of pneumonia at age twenty-eight. An amputation prolonged Simplicio's life for a few days.

In all, there are medical records of operations dividing six sets of Siamese twins—"double monstrosities" is the term used—including Radica and Doodica, two-year-old Hindu girls. One survived years after the other had succumbed to tuberculosis.

David Rosen got some free publicity for his Coney Island side show years ago through a raid by agents of the Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Children alleging he had violated a law by exhibiting thirteen-year-old Marjorie and Mary Gibbs, Siamese twins from Holyoke, Massachusetts, without proper guardianship. Rosen proved the girls were still in their father's custody.

Another Coney Island sensation was "Slim" Kelly's embarrassment at seeing the "Siamese twins" on his boardwalk concession separate publicly. Slim's attraction was a phony. He had two pretty Mexican sisters connected by some sort of corset. In a wage dispute one girl uncoupled herself and walked off the platform. Spectators roared with laughter.

After Chang and Eng had retired, the talented mulattoes Millie and Christina became immensely popular. Born as slaves in North Carolina in 1851, those girls were united by a ligature at the lateral portion of the pelvis. With typical disregard for accuracy, Barnum billed them as "The Two-Headed Nightingale."

They were displayed on pictorial posters that did not resemble the real sisters in the least. In fact, very few pictures on the banners outside of freak tents have ever looked like the people they were suposed to represent.

Millie had a rich contralto voice, Christina a high soprano, and they sang duets like "Love Among the Roses" and "Put Me in My Little Bed," and danced, to their own guitar or piano accompaniment.

In 1871 the Two-Headed Nightingale, along with other freaks, attended the wedding of two Barnum giants at fashionable St. Martin's Church in London, England. The blushing bride was a Nova Scotian, Miss Anna Swan, a mere wisp of a girl weighing 400 pounds and towering eight feet above the velvet-carpeted floor. The groom was Captain Martin Bates, a Confederate Army veteran. An inch shorter than Anna, he more than made up for it, tipping the scales at 525 pounds. Queen Victoria gave each of them a gold watch and chain.

Both earned considerable money from the big top and when they retired to an Ohio farm in 1874 they built themselves a fine fourteen-room house to fit their size, with ceilings fourteen feet high and a triple-width bed ten feet long. In that bed Anna bore two children, weighing eighteen and twenty-four pounds respectively at birth.

Robert Wadlow, a Ringling Bros. attraction, was nearly nine feet tall, and could hardly walk. Even taller was Barnum & Bailey's "Colonel Goshen, the Palestine Giant," whose advertised height of eleven feet six inches must have been a gross exaggeration.

The same circus featured George Augur as "Positively the Tallest Man on Earth." Born in Wales in 1883, Augur reached nearly eight feet, but appeared much taller because he wore high-heeled shoes and a top hat. He was a dignified, well educated, and cultured gentleman. "The last thing on earth he wanted to do," said the New York *World*, "was to tramp down Broadway at the head of a circus parade with a band blaring."

Augur married. So did Jack Earle (Jacob Erlich) of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey outfit, who reached a height of eight feet, seven inches. John Hanson Craig, who weighed 907 pounds at age thirty-seven and died a year later, left a 122-pound widow and one child.

Craig was reputedly the heaviest man in history. The heaviest woman may have been Miss Jane Campbell, 628 pounds, although some fat ladies at Coney Island were known to have worn lead corsets to bring their weight up to 700.

By contrast, a living skeleton named Calvin Edison was shown in Tammany Hall, New York, in 1829. At age forty-four he weighed fifty-eight pounds and had a wife and four children.

The "Skeleton Dude" John W. Coffey, whose adult weight ranged be-

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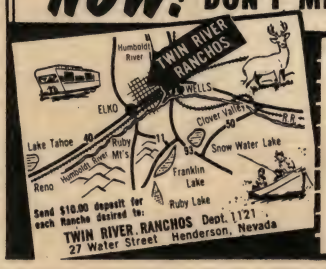

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tween fifty-five and seventy-one, was also married.

But Miss Fanny Mills never found a husband. Maybe that was because she wore size thirty shoes and was advertised as having "the biggest feet on earth." Her billing stated: "Marriageable men, take notice! Mr. Mills of Sandusky, Ohio, will give to any respectable man who will marry his daughter, Fanny $5,000 and a well-stocked farm."

Poor Fanny! All she ever got was good pay as a circus freak.

As for Josephine Clofullia, the Bearded Lady from Switzerland, her marriage as well as her sex were proved in a magistrate's court. Barnum had secretly hired a man to bring a charge of fraud against his American Museum and Josephine, on the ground that she was really a man.

The lady in question was summoned to court. Barnum produced three doctors who had examined her and they all testified that she was, indeed, a female. Josephine's husband, Jacques Boisdechne, swore that she was the mother of his two children. The magistrate dismissed the charge, and Barnum's publicity stunt worked. Newspapers headlined the case and customers swarmed into the museum to see the Bearded Lady.

A CONEY Island bearded lady, Jean Carroll, had her fine silken crop of whiskers removed by electrolysis in order to become the wife of a contortionist.

But Jane Barnell, billed on the Island as "Lady Olga," retained her long beard through four marriages. When she went out for groceries or a stroll on the boardwalk she would veil her face with a Paisley shawl. She was credited with the world's longest freak-exhibition record of sixty-eight years.

Even dog-faced characters marry. A group picture of Moung Phoset and his parents, made in 1887, shows three Burmese people who were covered from head to foot, even the noses, by wavy masses of hair.

Which recalls Percilla, the Monkey Girl at Coney Island. A thick growth of hair enveloped Percilla's face and body and she had a double row of teeth in each jaw. Like Jean Carroll, she never went out except when heavily veiled. Percilla and Emmitt Bejano, the Alligator-Skinned Boy, fell in love. It was a genuine romance, leading to a happy marriage. Even after modern science had cleared up Emmitt's ichthyosis, making him normal, the couple remained devoted to each other.

Another successful marriage was that of the professional giant Al Tomaini and Bernice Smith. Bernice, born without legs at Bluffton, Indiana, taught herself many stunts to offset her handicap and worked in circus side shows as "Jeanie the Half-Girl Acrobat."

The tented world is filled with such examples of magnificent courage. Jack Hubert, a wild animal trainer, had one arm torn off by a lion and the other by a bear. With almost incredible patience and effort Jack trained himself to perform acrobatic feats for Ringling Bros.

Probably the most tattooed man of all time was John Constantinos, an Albanian whom Barnum exhibited in the 1870s. Exactly 388 designs covered practically every quarter-inch of his skin, including his scalp, eyelids, interior of ears, between his fingers and toes, and even his genitals. His story was that Mongol Tartars in Burma took him prisoner and tattooed him by force. A colorful poster showed a pretty girl, naked from the waist up, tattooing a man, presumably Constantinos, who was staked to the ground while stolid Mongol warriors looked on.

Zip, the "What Is It," was a weird-looking, pin-headed Negro from New Jersey, named William H. Jackson. He worked intermittently as a sideshow freak from 1865 until he died in 1926 at the age of eighty-one. A press agent stunt that is still talked about on the sawdust trail was Zip's marriage to a midget in Madison Square Garden, before a crowded house, with Alf T. Ringling himself as best man. It was the most widely publicized wedding of freaks in all history, except Tom Thumb's marriage to Miss Lavinia Warren.

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Connecticut, never grew taller than twenty-five inches. Barnum billed him as "General Tom Thumb," introduced him personally to the crowned heads of Europe. Tom Thumb's wedding to a patrician young lady of thirty-two inches was, perhaps, the greatest exploitation known in shown business. Barnum displayed the bride's underwear in a Broadway shop window, rented fashionable Grace Church on Broadway for the ceremony, and filled it with generals, admirals, society leaders, politicians, and newspaper editors. President Lincoln was invited but did not attend.

Instead, he sent the midget couple a gift, and later entertained them in the White House.

The Strattons wanted a child. Doctors advised against it, warning that midget women could give birth only by Caesarian section, which in those days of rather primitive surgery was dangerous.

Nevertheless, on December 5, 1863, Lavinia did have a baby, but it died ten weeks later.

Even less fortunate was Lavinia's sister Minnie, twenty-five inches tall, who became the wife of another Barnum midget, Major Newell. She gave birth to a baby which lived only four hours, and Minnie died shortly afterward. The bereaved Major Newell then settled down in England, and remarried, this time to a full-sized woman, and had two normal children.

Not to be outdone by Barnum, the Ringlings staged a public wedding for Joseph F. Short and Elsie Reineking, both midgets, in connection with their regular matinee at Madison Square Garden.

Some years after Tom Thumb's death, his widow became the wife of Count Primo Magri, an Italian dwarf who had received his title of nobility from Pope Pius IX. The couple worked for Sam Gumpertz at his Lilliputian Village in old Coney Island.

More than a few midgets have taken full-sized marital partners of the opposite sex, in some cases having children.

A Scotch giantess, billed as "Miss Freeman," six and one-half feet tall, was married to a thirty-nine inch midget. A rare instance of married midgets having a large family was reported by *The New York Times* when Mrs. Henry Blossom, who weighed only nine and one-half ounces at birth, died at age seventy-seven, leaving fifteen living, healthy children.

Said *The Times:* "At birth, it is said, she could be placed in a quart cup while her hands were so tiny that a grain of corn could cover them, and a fifty-cent piece could hide her face."

But in recent years, freaks have lost much of their former popularity. Even the biggest circuses exhibit very few of them. Truly, even Coney Island side shows are but a pale shadow of what they used to be.

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"IF YOU DIE . . ."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

mother when she is told that her child has been killed? Imagine, if you can, what it is like to have to shoot photographs of the rescue squad as they pull the little child's body out of the water and into the rescue boat with those awful cruel looking grappling hooks, with the mother screaming that the hooks are hurting her baby. Still you have to keep on shooting as the rescue squad lays the little body on the ground and give it artificial respiration, even though they know that is is too late. And the mother, screaming and wringing her hands has to be restrained from grabbing the child's body up in her arms.

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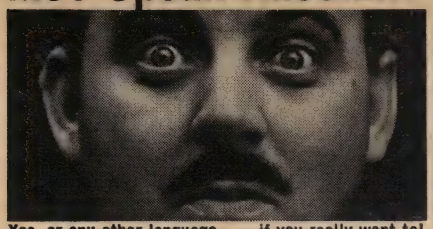

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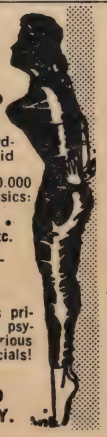

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SINNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

don't come in here after you. Remember, farmhands and dairymen don't take kindly to being deprived of their chief joy in life."

Lucina shot her father a reproachful glance.

One of the mob yelled, "Miss Anti-Marriage, you going to come out an' show us your bustle, or are we goin' to have to go inside and tear the clothes off your back?"

John Umphreville wasn't a very courageous man, but he had pride. Shaking off Lucina's restraining hand, he got up and went to the window. The crowd of men, about forty of them, stood a few feet from the veranda on the close-cropped lawn. Many of them reeled from the potent whiskey they had been handing around. The leader, a squat man in his thirties, was hefting a brick and eyeing one of the second-story windows. When he saw Umphreville he grinned triumphantly.

"Well, here's some action, it looks like. Umphreville, when's your pure-as-snow daughter comin' out?"

"What's your name, man?" Umphreville rapped out sharply.

Taken aback, the leader hesitated for a moment. Then he said, defensively, "That's no concern of yours."

"It's going to be a concern of the Smyrna police, if you don't leave these grounds immediately," Umphreville said threateningly. "I'm giving you and this rabble a chance to get away without trouble. You'd better take it."

A powerfully built farmhand stepped forward.

"You don't know what she's started in this town, sir," he told Umphreville respectfully. "Time was when the unmarried gals were willing enough for a little fun, but now all a man gets from 'em is a toss of the head and a lot of palaver about chasteness and virtue. It's your daughter's fault, sir."

Umphreville held up his hands to still the clamor. "All right, I'm not passing on the merits of your case against my daughter. But I'll tell you this: I agree Smyrna is no place for her church and I'm going to advise her to move it elsewhere. Will that satisfy you?"

A heavyset farmer raised his fist. "Your girl has done her damage already! It's going to take me months to get my wife back in bed where she belongs." He turned to the crowd. "I say we teach Miss Anti-Marriage a lesson—peel off her twenty petticoats an' give her a spankin' she'll never forget!"

The men moved forward, but the leader bellowed out a command to stop.

"Umphreville's makin' sense!" he told them. "Let's give him a week. If Miss Anti-Marriage ain't left town by then we'll come back again, an' not with bricks in our hands—with firebrands!"

Umphreville turned back into the house.

Lucina had relit the lamps and was sweeping up the parlor. Gently Umphreville took the broom from her hands and sat her down on the horsehair sofa.

"I heard what you told them," she said calmly. "So I'm to leave Smyrna, Father?" Her eyes were moist.

"Hasn't the Lord sent you a sign that your work is done in Smyrna?" asked her father. "Why not go to Norwich and set up your church there? It's not all that far, and you could live with Uncle Edward. Here the farmers and diarymen are a pretty rough and intolerant lot; Norwich has a better class of people."

Lucina nodded the lovely head that had set so many young men in Smyrna to sighing. "You're right, Father. Smyrna's proved itself unworthy of my ministry; perhaps Norwich will not. Didn't St. Paul say, 'Flee from the stones of the benighted to the smiles of kindlier men?' "

Within the next year, 1832, the Great Revival had swept New York State and New England, with the new religious doctrine of Perfectionism in its vanguard, and, by a freak of destiny, Lucina's tenets on the relationship between the sexes happened to coincide with one wing of the Perfectionist movement. After hearing her preach in John Umphreville's parlor, Reverend Joshua Bailey, secretary general of the Perfectionist Church, told Umphreville he would cooperate with him in building a Perfectionist church in Smyrna with Lucina at its head.

"Sir," he told her proud father, "we have many preachers to wage war against Satan and the flesh, but few of them are women, and none of them combine intelligence and beauty

in such high degree. Within a very short time your daughter will be known in York State from Troy to Buffalo."

Bailey's prediction was an accurate one. The sermons Lucina delivered at her new brick church on State Street proved highly popular, and soon people were coming from as far as Hamilton and Richfield Springs to hear her expound Perfectionist doctrine.

All love between male and female, she said, must be chaste and holy, and even kissing was an affront to God. Marriage was at best a corrupt institution; as Paul had said, it was better to marry than to burn, but in the eyes of the Creator, those who abstained from regular physical relations in the wedded state were twice blest.

The women of Smyrna listened to Lucina Umphreville, and they listened well. Too well, it turned out, for the Umphreville ministry in Smyrna. On the night she said goodbye to her father and the buggy driver set off down the road for Norwich, almost fifteen miles away, Lucina had reason to wonder if her fate there was to be the same.

BUT Norwich vindicated John Umphreville's judgement—it was a very different town from Smyrna. One of the manufacturing centers of the Chenango Valley, its people were in the main small factory owners, businessmen and storekeepers. The men wore ties and the women went as far as Utica to buy their clothes. Norwich had more than a touch of culture; a weekly newspaper was published there and its schoolteachers made as much as $50 a month. Norwich women held themselves several notches above their neighbors of Berlin and Oxford in culture and refinement. In such an atmosphere Lucina's church was bound to flourish.

Within six months of the time she had built her church on Waterton Street, Lucina had snatched away half the Baptist and Congregationalist congregations and made heavy inroads into the Methodists. Reverend Bailey made her an offer to come to Boston and take over a leading Perfectionalist church there, but Lucina refused. Norwich, which had accepted her unconditionally, was her new home.

In the spring of 1833, emboldened by success and a reputation that was fast spreading to New England and Canada, Lucina promulgated a new doctrine, "Perfection of Character Through Temptation."

"Beloved," she told her congregation, "there is small virtue in maintaining perfection of character unless you do so in the face of temptation itself. Accordingly, I wish you to place temptation directly in your path. Wives must flirt with their husbands and provoke them when they can; unmarried people must take spiritual mates and engage with them in all intimacies short of the physical act itself. Should they fail the test, they are proven unworthy of membership in the Perfectionist Church of Norwich." Lucina's dark, lambent eyes looked around at her congregation. "Have you any questions?"

A white-faced man arose. "Does this mean that those who fail the test are banished from the Church utterly and for all time?"

Lucina nodded. "It is the Lord's will; I have no choice in the matter."

The next week saw the effects of Lucina's new promulgation. They were more drastic than she had expected. A number of married men revolted against this new and cruel frustration, and when their wives refused to leave the church the families involved broke up. Others, deprived of their congugal rights at home, entered into liaisons with local women belonging to a less puritanical sect. But though she was losing followers daily, Lucina stood firm.

"Even if I have only a handful of the Elect to bring into the Kingdom with me," she said, "I will know that these are washed pure in the blood of the Lamb."

That night, at a secret meeting place, the men talked long and late. They came up with a plan.

A week later a young man named Jason Smith arrived in Norwich. Silas Hunt, who ran the town's leading drygoods emporium, put him to work as a clerk, and that Sunday he went to Lucina's church with Hunt and his family. Many of the Perfectionist ladies remarked approvingly on Smith's looks—he was a very handsome young man—and more than one young girl in the audience found it easier to concentrate on Jason

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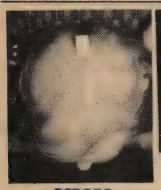

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Smith than on Lucina's sermon. When Smith was taken up to the platform to be introduced to Lucina after the service, the preacher didn't seem particularly impressed. But then everybody knew Lucina's mind was on higher things than masculine good looks and a powerful frame.

Jason joined the church immediately, and although he worked full days at the drygoods store, he soon had the reputation of being the most devout and selfless young man in Lucina's congregation. When not at services he was studying his Bible, and when not otherwise occupied he was at the church, offering to do odd jobs. He refused payment for coal shoveling and carpentry work, saying this was only his duty. Yet, though always available, he was never in Lucina's way.

One evening, after finishing next Sunday's sermon in her study, she found Jason in the church basement, doing some carpentry work. She watched until he was done, admiring the expert way he had with plane and saw, and then said to him smilingly, "You know, Jason, sometimes I think you work too hard for the Lord. There's a dance tonight at the Lyceum. Why aren't you there?"

Smith looked at her in his ingenuous way. "Miss Umphreville, I avoid temptation, fearing I will fall. Till I joined your church I was an evil man, full of lusts and passions. I am still that same man, though now I fight the Adam within me."

Lucina, her eyes serious, sat down on a pile of lumber. "Then perhaps I am your Eve, Jason, for as you know the Temptation Doctrine holds that we must tempt ourselves with sin." She paused a moment. "Come here, now, and kiss me."

Smith stood rooted to the spot.

"Jason," Lucina insisted, "I command you to come kiss me with a holy kiss."

Reluctantly Smith came forward. But it was with no reluctance that he took the luscious girl into his arms. When he let her go Lucina was both confused and disturbed, and it took her more than a moment to catch her breath.

"Jason," she reproached him, "do you call that a holy kiss?"

Smith stared at her in honest bewilderment. "Miss Umpreville, I'm sorry. But if you could explain to me what a holy kiss is and what it isn't, I'd be more than grateful."

Lucina bit her lip and made a little sound of exasperation. Then, unable to meet Smith's eyes, she picked up her skirts and fled from the basement.

All the rest of that week Lucina avoided him; when they met by chance she quickly looked away. An observer might have thought she was angry with Jason Smith. On his part, Jason was perfectly at ease. Preaching that Sunday, her subject St. Matthew on adultery, Lucina's eyes suddenly met his. She began to flounder, completely forgetting what she had meant to say, and found the thread again only with difficulty.

Tuesday night of the week following was very hot. Jason was sitting in the parlor of his employer, with whom he roomed, when a boy arrived with a message from Lucina. Could Jason come to her uncle's house as soon as possible? She had an important matter to discuss.

Lucina was waiting for him on the flagstone path that led to Edward Umphreville's Greek Revival mansion. She suggested they talk in the summer house; Mr. Umphreville was entertaining business clients.

Because of the weather Jason wore his shirt open at the neck, and when they sat down in the summer house, Lucina had difficulty keeping her eyes off the curling blond hairs on his broad chest.

Smith broke the silence. "You wanted to speak to me, Miss Umphreville?"

"Jason, please call me Lucina." She looked away. "I—I wanted to apologize for the other evening. It was a mistake—for many reasons. I thought I'd tell you it wouldn't happen again."

Jason frowned in his serious way. "I've been thinking it over too, and if I may say so, I don't agree with you. Unless I'm tempted I'm never going to overcome temptation. Would you help me to defeat the devil who wants my soul? Could we kiss again?" He took her hand and moved closer. "Tempt me, Lucina, please . . . It's the only way I'll learn to handle my baser emotions."

With a gasp which was half abandonment and half despair, Lucina threw herself into his arms. The couch for their love-making was the rough cushions of the summer house, and if they were uncomfortable neither knew the difference. Lucina's lack of inhibition was understandable

—for too many years she had carried around within her the raging fires that a man was finally putting out.

At long last Jason reminded her that Edward Umphreville and his guests would be suspicious if she didn't return to the house. He said goodnight and kissed her and then very thoughtfully walked back to his room.

Lucina had discovered a new world. The next evening, when Jason got to the church, she was waiting for him in her study in a dressing gown. On succeeding nights they met in the fields, in her uncle's woodshed, in her room after the household had gone to sleep. The conflict of conscience that consumed her seemed to add fuel to the flame. Each time she took Jason as her lover it was as though it were the last. Her ardor both delighted and alarmed him.

It was on the night they had chosen the choir loft for their meeting place that it happened. The door flew open to admit the five most important Elders of the church. Lucina cried out. Jason rose from the pallet to face the men.

Elder Rainey spoke for them, briefly and to the point: "Lucina, we regret this, but we had to do it. You were ruining our family lives with this Temptation Doctrine, and destroying your church, too. That's why we had to get Jason here to do what he did—to prove to you, by your own example, that you've gone too far. We have no other choice: unless you scrap the Doctrine and permit more natural relations between your married followers, we'll have to tell what we saw here tonight far and wide."

As understanding frosted her eyes Lucina moved away in horror from Jason Smith.

"You—betrayed me," she whispered. "This was all planned, between you and the Elders."

"No, Lucina," Smith said. "It may look that way, but it ain't so. It wasn't so after that night at the summer house. I was hired by the Elders to do what I did, but along the way I fell in love with you. Now I offer you the protection of my name. I would have asked you to marry me before, but I felt this was the only way to bring you to your senses. Do you understand? Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

Lucina turned coldly to the Elders. "You will have my answer tomorrow, at the evening services. Now leave me to my shame—all of you." She didn't look toward Jason as, following the others, he went out the door.

At next evening's services Lucina amazed her followers by repudiating the Perfection of Character Doctrine and approving a new policy of relations "more consonant with the times." She also announced that she and Jason Smith were to be married by Reverend Joshua Bailey next Sunday, if Jason himself had no objections. Jason threw his hat in the air and raced to the platform to join her, and they kissed as the women tittered and the Elders beamed with approval.

But there were those who were less pleased with what had happened. A woman rose from her seat in one of the back pews, the shock still visible on her hatchet face.

"Well, I never!" she snapped. "This isn't a Perfectionist church any more—it's more like a brothel! Miss Umphreville, you have my resignation!" Casting righteous looks about her, she stalked down the aisle to the exit.

Several other women followed her, one of them with tears streaming down her face. Stopping for a moment, she turned toward the platform to reproach Lucina, saying in bewilderment, "How could you do this to us, Lucina, we who believed in you? How?"

Lucina was unaffected. She stood on the platform with Jason Smith's hand clasped in hers.

It was a matter of perfect indifference to the erstwhile superwoman of Madison County. Within a week or two she and Jason were married, and in another month Norwich heard she was expecting a child. Long before it was born Lucina had turned over her pulpit to a male preacher recommended by Reverend Bailey, and retired into a domestic life.

As Lucina withdrew from the world Jason began to assume a place in it. After studying for the law he went into state politics, and within two years was a member of the Legislature. By the next decade he was Lieutenant Governor of the state.

Today, in Smyrna and Norwich, descendants of the York State Perfectionists still tell Lucina and Jason's story as an example of how a man can get the better of a superwoman—if he really wants to make the effort. ■

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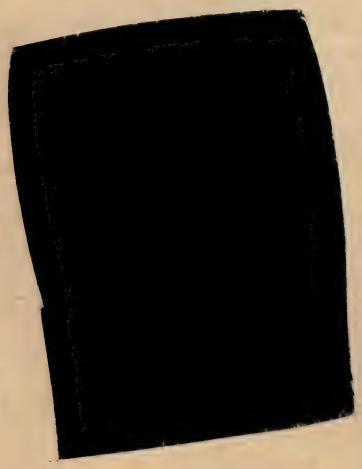

PLUS MANY, MANY MORE

 CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

heard certain base rumors about myself, the Brotherhood of the New Life, and Miss Waring, the community manager. One such is that I have debauched your daughter Milly, 'procured' for me by Miss Waring. You are demanding that Milly leave her job as my servant. If I cross you, you'll take the matter to court."

Waters gulped and nodded.

Harris continued briskly: "Regardless of the fact that it's all a lie, I won't permit you to compromise our great work. Milly is marrying my son John tomorrow." He made a curt gesture of dismissal.

The farmer's eyes bulged. Unable to articulate his gratitude that so humble a person as his daughter should be marrying the son of so famous a man, Waters stumbled from the room. It didn't occur to him that Harris had dominated the interview completely.

Harris poured for himself a glass of one of the better wines he produced and bottled at the Brotherhood. Pouring himself still another glassful, he rose crossed the room to the bedroom door.

He opened it. There, waiting for him, was Milly Waters. For a moment his hooded eyes drank in her young, fresh beauty, then, moving to the bed, he sat down beside her.

Milly took the wine glass from Harris and sipped from it.

"You spoke to my father?" she asked him.

There was no trace of brusqueness in Harris' voice as he said. "My dear, it's all arranged. He's overjoyed."

Milly put down her glass on the night table and held out her arms. She laughed. "I don't mind a bit. John isn't such a bad-looking boy."

Harris' hawk's eyes glittered.

"Milly, John will never be a husband to you. I shall tell him it has been revealed to me that you and he aren't counterparts; not yet developed sufficiently in a spiritual sense to cleave together as one flesh. In short, I want you for myself."

The girl drew him to her, her mouth open for his kiss.

BEFORE the winds of fate deposited him in this unlikely setting, Harris' career had been anything but a succession of unbroken triumphs. Coached in theology, Harris at twenty-one was preaching in the Mohawk Valley. His overpoetic but effective sermons won him a call to New York as assistant to the pastor of a fashionable Universalist church.

Here he put his wits to work. Reverend Chapin was old, and his wife, Harriet, was susceptible. He made love to her, with one purpose in mind—to replace her husband as pastor. She must persuade him to retire, or Harris would tell him of his wife's unfaithfulness.

In two months he had his wish and married Harriet Chapin.

In the 1840's spiritualism was all the rage, and Harris resolved to use it for his own advantage, and in a short time he was famous.

When his wife died, leaving him with an infant son, Harris went on tour, holding spiritualist meetings and preaching. His success was great, both with table rapping and with the naïve matrons and spinsters who attended his seances.

One of them, a rich woman for whom Harris had conjured up the spirit of her departed husband, prevailed upon the preacher to take $50,000 and form a spiritualist community in Mountain Cove, West Virginia, Harris claimed that St. Paul had told him the Garden of Eden had once existed there.

The colony didn't flourish. When his patroness broke in on the prophet and two young girls, she angrily withdrew her support.

In 1861 he was glad to meet Jane Waring, an attractive and wealthy widow. With $75,000 of her money he founded a new colony, the Brotherhood of the New Life, in Wassaic, New York.

By 1865, despite the Civil War boom, Jane Waring's fortune had vanished, the result of Harris' mismanagement of a bank and several real estate ventures. If the community was to avoid bankruptcy, new funds were needed. Harris left with Jane for England, where his writings had earned him a certain reputation.

There he found a number of plums ripe for the picking. The ripest of these was wealthy Laurence Oliphant and his titled mother. The Oliphants' friends were shocked that so sophisticated a man as Laurence—a well-known diplomat, *bon vivant,* MP and

author — could believe that Thomas Lake Harris was God, who could give those who followed him the gift of "everlasting life." They had no way of knowing that Harris had hired detectives to find out facts about the Oliphants which, in Laurence's words, "no mortal man could know."

While in England Harris sent orders for the Brotherhood to be moved to Brocton, New York. An associate in the United States had already hired an architect to build a mansion on the Brocton estate. About $40,000 in Oliphant money went to pay for it. Christ, Harris had told the Oliphants, must have a proper abode in Brocton when "He descended with power and glory a second time to dwell among us."

Harris, Jane Waring and the Oliphants arrived at Brocton in the spring of 1867 in a two-horse coach, once the property of Louis Napoleon. The huge mansion, called Vine Cliff, had just been completed, along with several other buildings, including a stable and a dairy. Cottages were going up for the hundred and fifty colonists Harris expected would eventually join the Brotherhood of the New Life.

Oliphant naturally thought he and his mother would be living with Harris at Vine Cliff, and he asked the porter to bring their bags into the house.

But Harris lifted an imperial hand. "No, Laurence. I have placed you on probation. Your spiritual state and that of Lady Oliphant are not far enough advanced for you to share my life at Vine Cliff. When you are ready, I will call you."

"Yes, Father Faithful," Oliphant replied meekly.

Oliphant settled in at the stables and his mother was assigned to a shed and put to work mending field hands' garments. She was forbidden to talk to her son until Harris found him "worthy," and Father Faithful communicated with his most illustrious disciple via notes. Meanwhile, in his elegant Vine Cliff diningroom, Harris had no compunction about dining off Oliphant silver or Oliphant heirloom plate.

Harris knew his English convert's neurotic need for punishment, and laid it on. At Brocton labor was considered "a high form of worship," and Oliphant slaved from dawn to dusk at various demanding tasks and chores, along with most other members of the Brotherhood. The only exceptions to this rule were Jane Waring and the "Inner Circle" of women who lived with Harris in comfort at the Vine Cliff mansion.

Women and the Feminine Principle, were central to his philosophy.

Though God in the Harris theology was male. He was also bi-sexual, and had a female counterpart, Queen Lily, who lived in the spiritual kingdom of Lilistan. Lily was also the counterpart, or soul mate, of Thomas Lake Harris. Though everybody had a counterpart, only those who were "spiritually attuned" would ever achieve union with them.

Spiritual development at the Brotherhood was a long and rocky road. Only Harris, Jane Waring, and the Inner Circle of women disciples ever achieved it. Laurence Oliphant never did, for various reasons, nor did John Harris, Father Faithful's son. On John's wedding day in the fall of 1868, his father told him he had received a revelation concerning him from Queen Lily the night before.

"It's sad news, John, but you and Milly Waters aren't counterparts." He cleared his throat. "However, Queen Lily tells me you do have a counterpart in Amy Davies, a very pretty girl."

John Harris was no fool. "Is Milly *your* counterpart by any chance, father? From the way she's been acting lately, I'd assume so."

Harris hooded his eyes. "She is, and so are several other of our women. Amy Davies, however, is not."

John got to his feet lazily. "I just hope, father, the Queen doesn't tell you different about Amy, at least for the next few months. That's the least you and Queen Lily can do for me."

In a gesture of dismissal Harris returned to his work. Grinning insolently, John sauntered out the door, bound for Amy Davies' apartment.

FROM the very first the Brocton colony felt the heavy hand of Father Faithful's ruthless despotism.

A thoroughgoing health crank, he once decided that a social disease threatened the Brotherhood, and ordered that everyone wear a bag of ill-smelling balsam cofaiba around their necks to ward off the infection.

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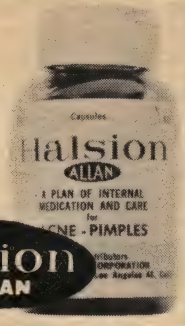

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When some of the New Lifers complained, he shouted, "I make the rules here! If you want to die, leave!"

On another occasion Harris wanted to get rid of a consumptive follower whose doctor bills were running too high. This took some thought. A member of the Brotherhood could be expelled without the return of his original contribution to the common fund, but to callously throw out a sick man would have aroused unfavorable comment. Harris solved the problem by coming down with consumption himself. The erring brother was quick to confess the "unconscious hostility" he must have harbored for Father Faithful, and left the colony, taking with him only a small fraction of the $10,000 he had brought to it. Harris miraculously recovered the next day.

In his effort to destroy the "selfhood that inhibits spiritual development," Father Faithful drove his workers without pause. They toiled long and late in the vineyards and the wine cellar, in the fields, in the green houses and at the grist mill. Some of them got along on two or three hours of sleep. During Oliphant's second year of "probation," he was promoted to the position of candy butcher at Brocton depot.

OF all the Brotherhood enterprises only the wine business prospered, and in 1870 funds sank dangerously low. Harris called in Oliphant, and for the first time in three years spoke to him face to face.

"Laurence, we need financial help. I have an offer for you from the London *Times* to cover the Franco-Prussian War. Don't worry about surviving it. My influence will protect you from stray bullets."

Oliphant was so overcome by his proximity to Father Faithful that he could only nod his acceptance. He left Brocton the next day.

Three months later the Englishman wrote Harris an apologetic letter from his London hotel confessing that he'd fallen in love with a British girl named Alice Le Strange. Would Father Faithful permit them to marry, or if not, reveal that they were counterparts? He was a passionate man, he reminded Harris, and three years of celibacy had sharpened his physical appetites.

Enraged that he was losing his influence over his most valuable disciple, Harris was about to recall Oliphant home immediately, but Jane Waring suggested that he reconsider. Was Alice one of *the* Le Stranges? If so, she was an heiress, and the Brotherhood could find good use for her money.

After discreet inquiry had established Alice's wealth, Harris wrote Oliphant: "Your marriage is forbidden—unless Alice gives you up utterly to God and herself joins the Brotherhood. I will bring you and this woman together when and if God wills, if you are indeed for one another. Return with her to Brocton as soon as the Germans take Paris."

After Alice's fortune had been deposited to Harris' account they took their vows before Father Faithful in Brocton. Oliphant was too happy and grateful to notice that Harris' piercing eyes lingered long on Alice's beautiful face and fetching figure. For a gentle, mild girl she had been well-endowed by her Creator.

The newlyweds were not permitted to share the same room. Harris had not yet received a revelation from Lilistan that they were counterparts.

The Oliphants had been living together chastely for six months when Harris gave Laurence the bad news.

"Your counterpart isn't Alice but Eugenia Rogers," he told his shattered disciple. "Although you are Alice's husband, no purpose would be served by your continuing to live together. Therefore Alice will move into Vine Cliff and Eugenia will take her place by your side."

"If that's Queen Lily's decree I must accept it," the stunned Oliphant answered.

A week later Harris announced that he himself was the counterpart of Alice Oliphant. That night he was with his new "spiritual bride."

Privileged members of the White Lily Society were allowed to take part in the Prophet's love feats.

Immoral practices were rife at Broctom, and when the father of a young girl accused Harris of seduction, he and Jane Waring fled to California, leaving Oliphant in charge.

Harris put up living quarters at Fountain Grove, at Santa Rosa, then sent to Brocton for the more "spiritual" disciples—all young women.

In two years time Harris was back in Brocton. He sent Oliphant off on a writing tour of Europe, with the understanding that the Englishman's checks from editors would be sent directly to him. Against Harris' orders Lady Oliphant left to join her son, but the two returned shortly thereafter with the old lady lying on a stretcher. She was dying of cancer.

On the third finger of Jane Waring's left hand Lady Oliphant noticed the engagement ring she had given up to Harris fourteen years before as proof of her devotion.

"We have been dupes, son," she whispered. "Do you see it now?"

No longer blind, Laurence branded Harris a charlatan and immediately instituted suit for recovery of the Oliphant fortune. When Harris failed in his attempt to have his "Judas" confined to an asylum, he agreed to settle on "Queen Lily's advice."

Now the Brocton colony's new prophet, Oliphant celebrated by staging an orgy at Vine Cliff.

Harris was aghast to learn that Laurence was now receiving revelations direct from Queen Lily herself.

"Queen Lily," he told San Francisco reporters, "has had no communication with Laurence Oliphant. The Englishman has been hoodwinked by his wife Alice, who is actually a female demon posing as Queen Lily."

"What's your feeling about the matter?" asked one of the newspaper men.

Harris' eyes blazed with wrath. "The First Great Betrayal was Peter's of Jesus. This is Second."

FOR a while Harris and Oliphant were a great laughing stock.

Six years passed. In 1887 Oliphant went to Paris and engaged in a series of experiments in "sexual self-control." The *gendarmes* broke into his apartment and found three couples in a situation which proved that if they had ever had any self-control, they had long since lost it.

Returning to Brocton, Oliphant discovered he had cancer of the lung. The doctors gave him four months.

"Those Harris devils have been after me," he told his disciples.

On the day Oliphant died Harris was out in the Santa Rosa vineyards inspecting his grapes. A lieutenant rushed toward him, waving a New York newspaper. Before the man could say a word, Father Faithful told him, "I know. Laurence is dead. And it is I who killed him."

Father Faithful announced the end of the world for 1891. At that time, he claimed, he would have become God. On New Years Day of 1892, with terra firma still revolving beneath him, he decreed the creation of a new calendar. January was to be called Peace and December Consummation. Members of the Brotherhood could now have fleshly counterparts, (love without his direct permission), and at the beginning of each new year all previously contracted spiritual marriages would be declared null and void.

Though the old man was approaching his seventies, he still made a pass at every attractive woman he saw. In 1894 two charges of indecent assault were leveled against him, and the magistrate, though suspending sentence in each, advised Jane to put her husband into a home for the senile aged.

Yet he was far from senile—he sold Fountain Grove to some of its members for over a quarter of a million dollars.

But Father Faithful feared the demons from hell who plagued him nightly with an offer of eternal life in return "for the Betrayal of Queen Lily." (How he could die if he were actually God, Harris never explained). Though the fairies came to drive the demons away they were growing weaker in his defense, he told Jane.

"My dear," he said to her on March 21, 1906, "tomorrow night the fairies will not come."

He was right. The next night, at 11:59 P.M. the demons took him.

Jane and the few disciples who still lived at Brocton refused to believe it. In three days, Jane insisted, "God will rise."

Three days passed, then four. The city health department ordered his wife to bury Thomas Lake Harris' mortal remains.

Where his spirit went, nobody knows. Perhaps it finally joined its counterpart, Queen Lily, in Lilistan, "where fairies play in the land beyond the moon." ■

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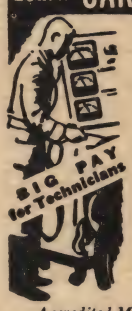

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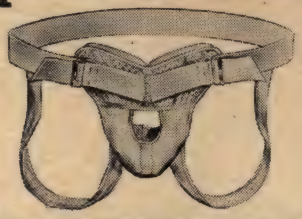

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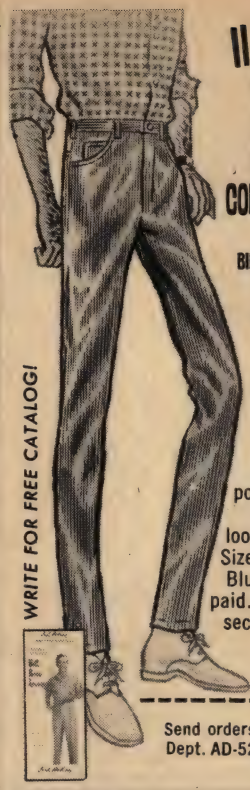

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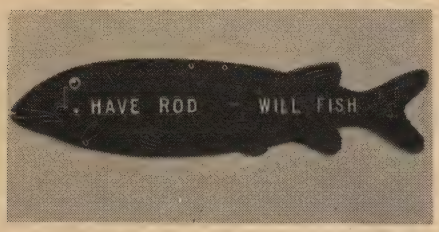

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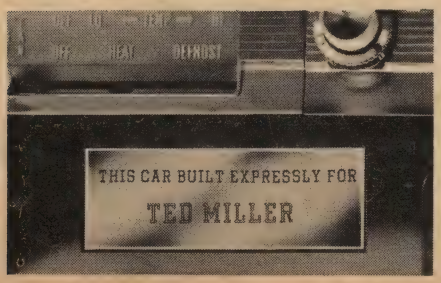

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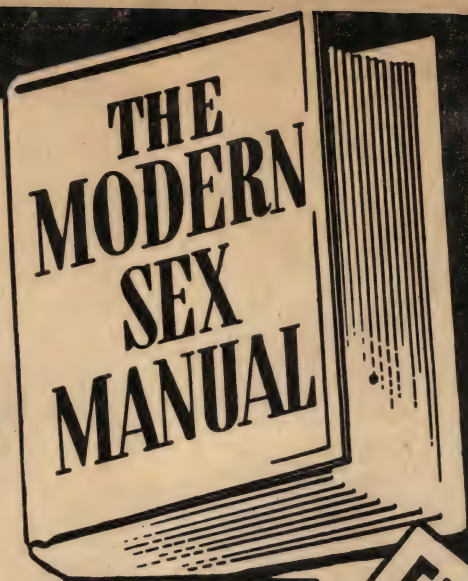

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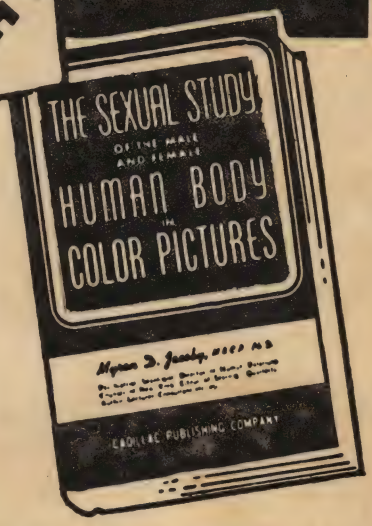

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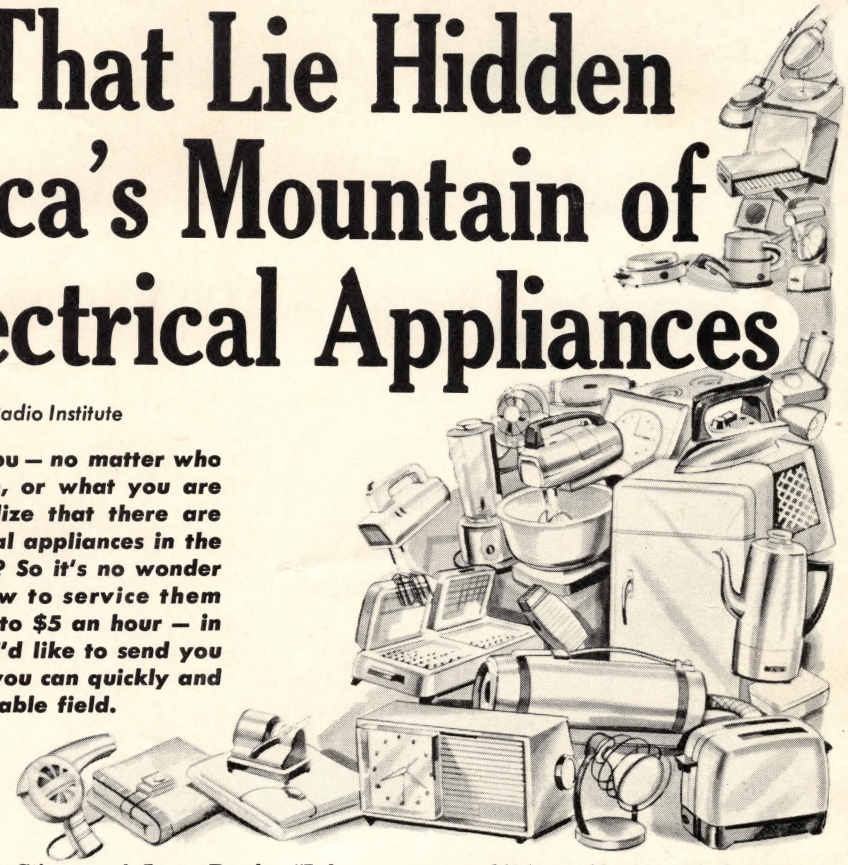

By J. M. Smith *President, National Radio Institute*

And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.

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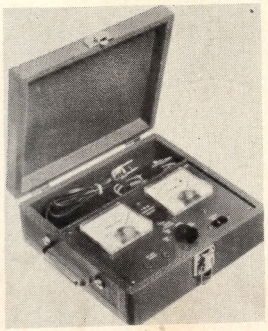

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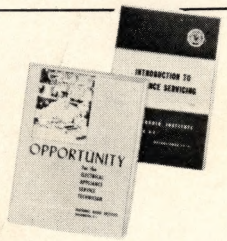

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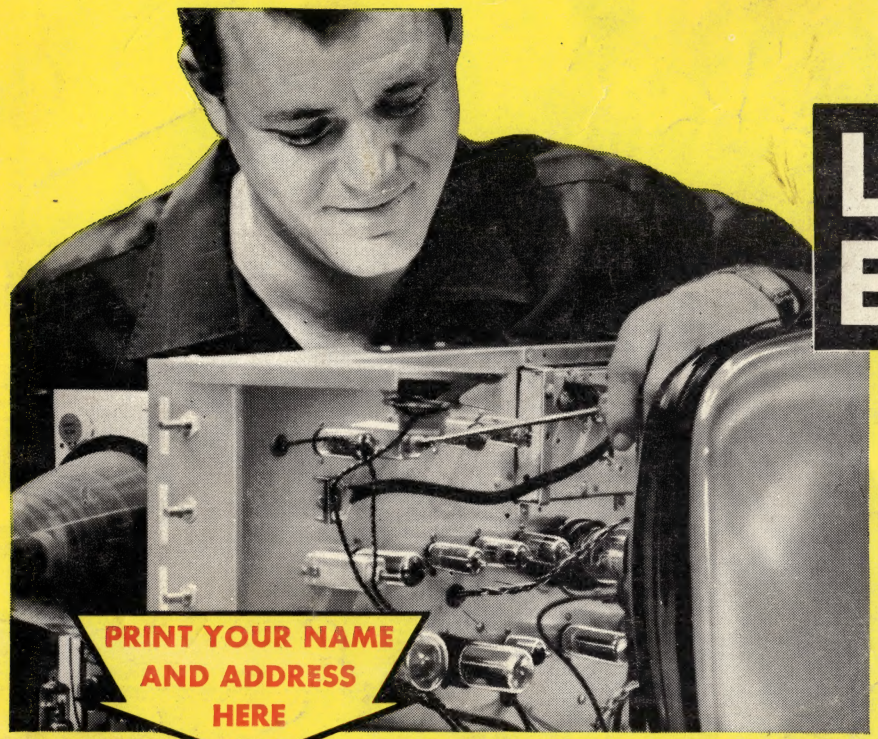

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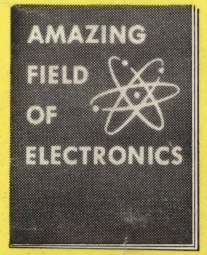

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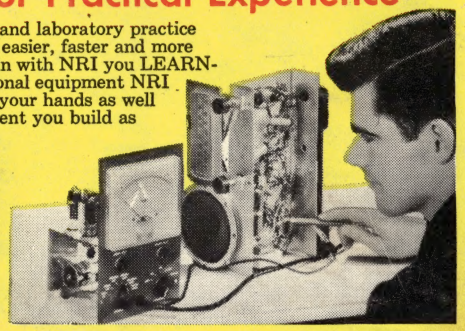

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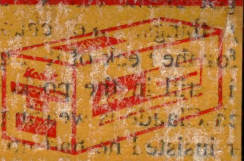

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